

Middle Club

LESLIE'S WEEKLY



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Thursday, June 2, 1904

The Germans and Roosevelt.

THE NATIONAL Roosevelt League, just organized in Washington, has a significance which has not been grasped by the press thus far. It is composed of American citizens of German birth or descent, has Congressman Richard Bartholdt, of Missouri, for president, its other officers represent many States, and it is to extend all over the country and to take a prominent part in the canvass of 1904.

Numerically and socially the Germans are the most important foreign element of the American citizens. Originally Democrats by a large majority, they joined the Republican party, especially in the West, on the issue of hostility to slavery, on which the party was founded in 1854. Vast numbers of them were in the armies of the Union. After slavery was abolished and the Union saved, the tariff kept them in the Republican party. Prohibition sent many of them over to the Democrats a dozen years ago or more, and by this means the Democrats carried Illinois and Wisconsin in 1892, reduced the Republican lead so much in Ohio that one Democratic elector squeezed in, and gave Cleveland his large majority. It was the loss of a large part of the German vote in that year which gave Cleveland his lead in New York and Indiana. Then came the honest-money issue, which brought the Germans back to the Republican party, and gave McKinley his victories in 1896 and 1900.

President Roosevelt's personality makes an especial appeal to the American citizens of German birth and parentage. They like him for his courage, clear-headedness, and democracy. All elements, colors, and creeds of American citizens are on an equality in President Roosevelt's favor. There are no hyphens in the President's Americanism. Nor are there in that of the National Roosevelt League. Its members, by more than a two-thirds majority, voted down a proposition to call themselves the German-American National Roosevelt League. They declared themselves to be plain Americans, without prefix or qualification. Said the Democratic New York *Staats Zeitung*, in referring to this act: "This is the first time, so far as we know, that an organization consisting of Germans seeks to conceal this fact. We do not believe it will be necessary for the Germans who will fight on the Democratic side to thus push their Germanism into the background."

Unwittingly the *Staats Zeitung* did a service to the league, to President Roosevelt, and to the Republican party. In its attack on the league it called attention to the fact that some of its members had heretofore been Democrats. They and tens of thousands of other former Democrats will be enthusiastic Roosevelt men in this campaign. The 10,000,000 persons of German birth or descent among the 80,000,000 population of the United States in 1904 will furnish a large proportion of the immense majority which is to be rolled up for President Roosevelt on November 8th.

The Curse of the Pool-rooms.

IN A LETTER written by Henry Ward Beecher to a member of the New York State Legislature in 1885, with reference to a bill then before that body in the interest of race-track gambling, the famous Brooklyn preacher declared that pool-room gambling was more to be dreaded than any other form of the vice known to man. It has ruined, he said, hundreds,

and corrupted thousands. "It leads to indolence, to stealing, and to almost every form of industrial degradation; young and old alike are subject to its influences." It was years before this that Lord Beaconsfield declared that turf betting was the most widespread and formidable agency of demoralization existing among the English people. The utterances of both of these men hold true to-day and are as applicable to pool-room gambling now as they were when those words were spoken.

No other agency of evil has such a vast amount of wealth behind it, such extensive ramifications, and none has so intrenched itself in political and popular favor. Every city and large town is cursed with the presence of numbers of pool-room gambling dens, where boys and men waste their earnings and contract idle, vicious, and criminal habits. Some dens of this sort recently raided in New York by the police have been found thronged with women, also. These places are productive of evil always, and evil only. It is a fact capable of statistical demonstration that a very large percentage of the defalcations, embezzlements, and other breaches of trust coming before our criminal courts are directly traceable to race-track gambling, which is only another name for pool-room gambling. Theft, forgery, licentiousness, and almost every other crime and vice that disgraces humanity are bred in these iniquitous resorts.

According to a record kept by an authority upon this subject, in a single year recently in this country one hundred and twenty-eight persons were either shot or stabbed over gambling games; twenty-four others committed suicide; six attempted suicide; sixty were murdered, and two driven insane; sixty-eight young men were ruined by pool-room gambling and betting upon horse-racing. Among the crimes committed to get money to gamble with were two burglaries, eighteen forgeries, and eighty-five embezzlements, while thirty-two persons holding positions of trust in banks and other places of mercantile life absconded. The enormous sum of over three million dollars was shown by this same record as the proceeds of these embezzlements and defalcations.

The New Orleans *Picayune*, in a recent vigorous editorial denouncing pool-rooms as a curse to industry, gives the results of some of its own investigations as to the amount of money filched from the community by the pool-rooms of that city. It estimates that the six large pool-rooms of New Orleans cost for operating expenses alone not less than \$328,650 a year. Adding to this the large profits accruing to the men who run the business, a total is reached of a round half-million a year, or fifteen hundred dollars a day, turned out of the channels of legitimate trade and industry into the coffers of the gamblers. Nor is this all the cost. The *Picayune* estimates that these six pool-rooms have a total attendance of fifteen hundred men daily, "whose earning capacity, if employed, would be at least \$2,500 a day, but whose habits not only make labor distasteful to them now, but largely unfit them for reliable or steady work in the future. The loss of the earning capacity of these present drones, therefore, amounts to nearly one million dollars a year."

And the condition which exists in New Orleans exists in every large city in the country, the larger places having a larger proportionate number of pool-rooms. Taking twenty cities having the same average number as New Orleans, and we have a total waste of ten millions of dollars on the gambling vice, not including in this estimate the millions more lost through idleness. It is estimated that each pool-room represents an investment of about ten thousand dollars in working capital and fixtures, but of this no account is made in the figures already given.

But the loss and waste of money, enormous as it is, is one of the smallest counts in the indictment against the pool-room evil. The demoralization, the vice and crime, the ruin and disgrace brought upon many promising careers, the suffering, shame, and sorrow brought into many happy homes—these are the things that weigh heaviest in the account against these dens of infamy. Pool-room gambling depends entirely upon horse-racing, and every regular race-track in the country contributes its share to the nefarious business.

Brutality of Hazing.

WE ARE free to say that our sympathies go out strongly and unreservedly to that man, a citizen of New York, who has sued a certain college for \$10,000 damages on account of injuries sustained by his son while being hazed by his fellow-students. According to the father's account, the son was dragged from his bed out of doors one bitterly cold night last February, and while half-naked was made to run the gauntlet with another lad, both being beaten in the operation until they dropped exhausted to the ground. Both boys were confined to their rooms for some days as a result of their injuries. The father in question endeavored to obtain satisfaction from the president and trustees of the college, but after an investigation of the affair these college authorities announced it as their conclusion that no cause of action existed, and refused to do anything further. The father thereupon not only sued the college, as stated, but ferreted out the guilty students and had seven of them arrested for assault. We sincerely hope that he will succeed in his case, both against the college and against the individual students. If the account of the hazing is correct—and it has not been denied—it was a brutal, ruffianly piece of business and wholly without justification or excuse. If there is no existing law to reach such a case of cruelty and maltreatment, then such a law ought to be called into existence. If the trustees

of a college can be made financially responsible for the results of these displays of rowdism called hazing, it will go far to bring about their abolition.

The Plain Truth.

EVERY YEAR adds to the volume of testimony showing that the State of New York has never done a wiser thing than when it took steps, through legislation, to preserve its wild forest lands in the Adirondacks and elsewhere. Recent reports submitted to the Legislature show that the investments in buildings and equipments, exclusive of land, by hotels and boarding-houses in the Adirondack preserves amount to \$7,037,923, and that the investment in private camps and cottages amounts to \$3,846,500 more, making a grand total of \$10,884,423. And we may be sure that this is only a beginning of the wealth which will accrue to the Empire State from these various preserves, for as time goes on they will become more and more valued and appreciated as a resort for summer visitors and those in search of health and recreation at all times of the year.

WE ARE in entire agreement with Rev. Cortland Myers, the Brooklyn clergyman, in the declaration that many of the so-called "sacred" performances at the theatres on Sunday are a far greater evil than Sunday baseball. The latter has in itself the merit of being an innocent and healthful outdoor sport, with no necessary evil concomitants except, possibly, when played on Sunday. As for the Sunday performances in the theatres, so far from being "sacred" in any true sense of the term, they are, as a rule, of the coarsest and most vulgar type, demoralizing in the extreme, and not fit to be seen on any day of the week. Mr. Myers puts the case none too strongly when he says that the scenes enacted in some of these places "would cause a stone face to blush and the heart of a demon to close its doors." The manner in which these variety-shows "get around" the Sunday law is too thin and farcical to deceive any one except the police authorities. The "sacredness" of these performances is a wretched mockery and a studied insult to the morality and intelligence of the community. These centres of pollution have no excuse for being in any time or place, and least of all upon a day set apart for religious observance. If the defenders of the Sabbath will turn their batteries upon these Sunday exhibitions and help to make an end of them, they will be performing a valuable service to the cause of decency and public morals.

THAT THE churches have lost immensely in membership and influence by the neglect of their social mission is a fact upon which all the best and most competent observers and students of modern religious conditions agree. In far too many churches the "fellowship of believers" exists only in name, there being about as little cordiality, as little neighborliness and fraternal recognition between the occupants of the pews, as there is ordinarily between the occupants of a Pullman car. In some remarks to a Sunday-school class the other day, Mr. John D. Rockefeller dwelt upon this deplorable lack of sociability in the churches, stating that his wife had gone to a church for eighteen years without ever having had a word spoken to her. That experience, we believe, could be duplicated in many instances, especially in the larger city congregations. It is a condition that could not prevail in a church membership true to its professions and alive to its opportunities. Its existence argues a lack of the very essence of true religion—namely, love and sympathy for one's fellow-men. It is quite true that the church is not designed primarily as a social club; neither, on the other hand, is it designed to be a social refrigerator. A religion that has not enough heart in it, enough warmth of feeling, enough kindness and sympathy, to thaw out the social ice among the fellow-members of the same church and bring them together in some degree of mutual interest, is not the kind of religion that will ever redeem the world.

NOTHING IS more common than the charge that the American people are too materialistic. That was Matthew Arnold's chief indictment against us, and nearly every other critic of American life, before Arnold's time and since, has said the same thing. Dickens described us as a people who cared for nothing in particular except to eat pork and chew tobacco. That we are as a whole a set of sordid money-grubbers seems to be, in fact, a very general impression among the cultured men and women of other lands. But the impression is a false one. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, who speaks not unadvisedly on any subject, is entirely right in denying that Americans are materialists. It is true, as Mr. Mabie says, that if we were asked to name the highest types of American life, it would not be the leaders of commercial life, but the pioneers of the West, men of the old South, sturdy New Englanders—idealists all; men not of the selfish and sordid order, but dreamers of splendid dreams that have had a glorious realization. It required a noble idealism to lay the foundations of a nation like ours and to develop and maintain it as it exists to-day. A land of churches and schools, of more noble philanthropies and magnificent charities than any other land under the sun—this is not the product of that gross materialism unjustly ascribed as our chief characteristic, an estimate of life in which nothing is counted as of value or of consequence that does not make for the filling of the purse. This view may prevail among us more than it should, but it distinctly is not the view of the vast majority of the American people.

People Talked About



THE COUNTESS OF CLANCARTY,
Formerly a star of London
music-halls.
Bassano.

WHEN, SOME fifteen years ago, English society was shocked and scandalized by the marriage of Lord Dunlo to Miss Belle Bilton, an actress of the musical burlesque order, it was freely prophesied that the so-called "romance" would be followed in a few years by some unhappy sequel. It must be confessed that there was not a little basis for this prediction, but it has not proved true. On the contrary, the fourteen years of their married life seem to have been exceptionally happy.

In 1891, two years after their marriage, Lady Dunlo took her place among the countesses, her husband having become the Earl of Clancarty, and she soon became exceedingly popular in Ireland, where she and Lord Clancarty have lived almost entirely during the last twelve years, showing much hospitality to their friends and neighbors in County Galway, where their place, Garbally Court, is situated. Lady Clancarty has four pretty children—three sons and a daughter—to whom she is devoted.

THE READINESS and courage with which the officers of our navy respond to any call in times of danger were recently well exemplified in the case of Ensign Daniel P. Mannix, of the battleship *Kearsarge*.

A large number of sailors from the North Atlantic fleet at Pensacola, Fla., had gone ashore on leave, and the usual hilarity and boisterousness of such occasions had developed into a serious riot which the police were unable to quell. The mayor of the city appealed to the commander of the fleet, Rear-Admiral Barker, for assistance, and the marines were ordered to land. In the absence of the regular officer, Ensign Mannix volunteered to lead a company of marines from the *Kearsarge*, and he did so with a bravery and discretion which effected a prompt suppression of the riot without bloodshed. In recognition of his prowess the young ensign received from Admiral Barker a personal letter complimenting him on his praiseworthy and efficient action. Mr. Mannix is well known as the trainer of the gun crew on the *Kearsarge*, which some time ago made a world's record with the big guns of the flag-ship. He is noted for his enthusiasm in his profession, in which he bids fair to achieve great distinction.



ENSIGN DANIEL P. MANNIX,
Who, at the head of the marines of
the *Kearsarge*, suppressed a big
riot at Pensacola.

WHILE GENUINE merit in any art or profession may not be measured by a money standard, it is fair to presume that when an artist's work has so commended itself to the public as to yield him, or her, an income of ample proportions, it is because of actual desert and true merit.

It is certain that the work of Madame Madeleine Lemaire, the eminent French artist, is in great demand among those who know what real art is and are able and willing to pay for it. Her water-color paintings and aquarelle figure-work are of exquisite design and workmanship, and attest the hand of a master. Madame Lemaire comes of a family famed in the annals of French art, while she inherits her delicate talent from her aunt, Madame Herbelin, who stood among the first half-dozen of the French miniaturists of the nineteenth century. Madame Lemaire was only nineteen when she exhibited, at the salon of 1864, a portrait which made a considerable sensation, but she soon gave up oils for water-colors.



MADAME MADELEINE LEMAIRE,
Who earns a larger income than any other
woman artist.—London Sketch.

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WHEN THE National Roosevelt League, recently started in Washington, and composed of Germans or their descendants, unanimously chose Hon. Richard Bartholdt to be its president, it did this in the face of his protests that somebody else should have the honor.



HON. RICHARD BARTHOLDT,
President of the newly-organized
National Roosevelt League.

Mr. Bartholdt is one of the most active, intelligent, and popular members of the national legislature. He was born in Germany, came to the United States while a boy, received a thorough education, was connected with several Eastern papers as a reporter, legislative correspondent and editor, and has maintained his connection with newspapers ever since. While reporting the Legislature at Albany twenty-two years ago he began the acquaintance with President Roosevelt which has continued to this day. When first elected to Congress, in 1892, he was editor of the *St. Louis Tribune*. That year was disastrous for the Republican party in general, but Mr. Bartholdt gained a large majority in a St. Louis district previously Democratic, has been re-elected continuously, and is Missouri's only Republican representative. He was a pioneer in the movement which led to the St. Louis exposition. He introduced the bill which first brought this project to the country's attention, and he secured favorable action by Congress. He recently organized a group in Congress pledged to international arbitration. While on a visit to Europe he secured the meeting of the Interparliamentary Conference which is to be held in St. Louis during the exposition, and obtained \$50,000 from Congress to defray the expenses.

OF LATE years many cotton mills have been erected in the South, and around numbers of them have grown up new villages. The managers of these establishments have felt the need of caring for their operatives in their home, social and religious life. The International Young Men's Christian Association committee, at New York, has studied the situation, and the result has been the founding of the first cotton-mill association in the South. This association is located at Monaghan Mills, Greenville, S. C., and Mr. I. E. Munger has been appointed its first secretary. Mr. Munger has been an association official for twelve years in this country and in India. He is a graduate of the State University of Iowa. He was president of the Young Men's Christian Association in the university, and entered association work in 1892 as general secretary at Muscatine, Ia. Later he filled a temporary vacancy in the general secretaryship at Mexico. Following this he was for nearly three years State college secretary of Iowa. He entered the foreign field under the Baptist board, serving as president of a normal school in Assam, India, but was finally obliged by ill health to return to America. He afterward served as State secretary of Missouri, and then as general secretary at Cedar Rapids, Ia. For the past three years he has been deputy clerk of a district court in Iowa. He leaves this position and a fine opening for a law practice to become the secretary of the new association.



MR. I. E. MUNGER,
First secretary of the first Southern cotton-mill Y. M. C. A.—Elite.

A NEW ORGANIZATION which bids fair to become a "storm-centre" of religious controversy is the American Bible League, having its headquarters in the Bible House, New York City. The plans and purposes of the league were set before the public in *extenso* at a conference held recently at the Marble Collegiate Church, extending through three days. These purposes are, in brief, to uphold the traditional and conservative view of the Bible—its authorship, inspiration, and interpretation—as against the alleged destructive work of the higher critics. The league also proposes to make a systematic effort to develop a renewed interest in Bible study along conservative lines, and to this end expects to issue a series of Bible primers, or hand-books, as an aid to teachers and students. The president of the American Bible

League is Mr. William Phillips Hall, and its general secretary and chief executive officer, Rev. Dr. Daniel S. Gregory, formerly president of Lake Forest University, and until recently editor of the *Homiletic Review*. Among the directors and supporters of the league are such well-known men as President Patton, of Princeton Theological Seminary, Rev. Dr. David J. Burrell, of New York, and Professor Frederick G. Wright, of Oberlin, O. The league owes its existence largely to the beneficence and enthusiastic interest of President Hall, who is well known in business circles throughout the country as the inventor of a number of ingenious and successful appliances to secure safety on railroads. It is Mr. Hall's saying that he devotes his business hours to the perfection of safety devices for the railroads, and all other time, excepting that necessary for sleep or for home, to the great business of trying to save souls. He is a captivating public speaker and an effective lay preacher.



WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL,
President of the American Bible
League.—Copyright, 1898,
by Rockwood.

WHILE THERE are times, no doubt, when it is more pleasant and satisfactory to be real rather than nominal, an active force rather than a mere figurehead, it would not be surprising nor unnatural if the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia had congratulated himself frequently, during the past few weeks, that it was the real rather than the nominal head of the Russian navy who was aboard the ill-fated *Petropavlovsk* on that April day off the harbor of Port Arthur. Had fate not thus ordered it, Russia



GRAND DUKE ALEXIS,
Uncle of the Czar and nominal
head of the Russian
navy.

would be mourning to-day the loss of a popular prince and a possible successor to the Russian crown. It was rumored early in the war that the grand duke was anxious to take actual command of the fleet in the far East, not himself having that supreme confidence in Admiral Makaroff's ability which seems to have been entertained by the Czar's advisers generally. He is only fifty-four years of age, and, being a resolute and resourceful person, may yet find a way to distinguish himself before the struggle is over. The grand duke is said to be a generous and kindly individual, credited with strong French sympathies and with having done his by no means inconsiderable best to bring about the Franco-Russian alliance.

THE LITTLE one whose portrait we give here with recently had the fortune to inherit one of the noblest titles under the British crown.

He is the youngest member of the peerage. His father, the late Marquis of Donegal, was over eighty years of age. He married his third wife in 1902, and last October this baby boy was born. His mother is the daughter of a well-known Nova Scotian, and was born in Halifax. She was introduced into London society by Lord and Lady Strathcona, and it was from their house she was married.

The Chichesters are an old Devonshire family, the founder of the Irish branch having risen high in the service of his sovereign in the sixteenth century. Not only was he Governor of Carrickfergus, but also Lord-Deputy and Governor-General of Ireland. The little Marquis of Donegal is the sixth of his line, the continuity of which, but for his birth, might have been broken. It is to be hoped that he will lead a life of usefulness commensurate with his wealth and position.



THE BABY MARQUIS OF DONEGAL,
And his mother, the Dowager Marchioness of
Donegal.
Spink.



Twelve Great History-making Conventions

By E. G. Dunnell



THERE have been many more than twelve national political conventions in the last twenty-four years, but only twelve—those of the two leading parties—have been of great importance in their effect upon the people or the result at the polls. It was my fortune to attend all the important conventions, beginning with those of 1880. Much of what took place in those conventions has ceased to be interesting to those concerned about the policies and candidates of to-day, but there is also much that should be remembered or recalled for counsel or entertainment.

The Republican National Convention of 1880 still stands an incomparable one. According to those who attended it, and who had attended preceding conventions, none was so intensely earnest, so sharply divided, so strenuous upon all contested questions, so tumultuous and tireless in applause, so notable in the personality of the delegates, so determined, so reluctant—on the losing side—to accept the terms of the majority.

Grant and Blaine had divided the Republicans of the country. Both sides awaited the convention impatiently, with armor on and weapons ready. Hayes's administration had won for him the approval of many good men, but it had been unsatisfactory to the politicians. A majority of the old national committee were for Grant. The Grant men had Roscoe Conkling as their leader and manager, and he was at Chicago with a delegation from New York two to one for Grant. When that delegation arrived it found the national committee already at work. It had picked out a sergeant-at-arms, and was about to select a temporary chairman, when it discovered that the united votes of the opponents of Grant would exceed the Grant vote. Mr. Conkling considered the offer to make George F. Hoar temporary chairman "an insulting proposition," but he accepted him.

Partisan feeling was at fever heat when the convention met, on June 2d, in the hall of the industrial exposition, Chicago, beside the Illinois Central track, where locomotive whistles, bells, and other railroad noises vied with the boisterous demonstrations within. The hall held 20,000 persons, and when it was full there were 15,000 persons present who would shout for anybody a half-row at a time. Mr. Hoar, in his "Recollections of Eighty Years," confesses his inability to describe the most stirring scenes of the convention. From the beginning it was a fight, led by Mr. Conkling. The attitude of the contending forces will be understood when it is stated that for days the partisans had scrapped in the hotel corridors over the raising of every new banner, and that Blaine lithographs took the place of Grant lithographs after several well-contested disputes about occupied territory.

Most of the men of 1880 are dead or retired from politics and public life. To a roll-call the response for most of the delegates would be—"dead." Garfield, Arthur, Harrison were there as delegates. Logan was there, and Emory Storrs, the gifted orator, Green B. Raum, and David S. Littler, the delegates-at-large of Illinois, and all are dead. From New Jersey were General Kilpatrick, W. J. Sewell, George A. Halsey, William Walter Phelps—all dead. The seventy-two delegates from New York, headed by Roscoe Conkling, Jacob A. Hoysradt, Chester A. Arthur, and James D. Warren, as the "big four," and including Robertson, Husted, Sharpe, Woodin, French, Wheeler, Patterson, O'Brien, Cregan, and many others as familiarly known, have so far "joined the majority" that not twenty-five are living.

Fighting for delay, the Grant men also strove to secure the adoption of a unit rule. If they had won—and there was never a moment when it appeared they would—Grant would have been nominated, in spite of the hostility of Massachusetts, and undoubtedly would have been elected. Conkling probably provoked opposition by his grand manner and his invincible aggressiveness, and most unwise and unnecessary opposition by offering a resolution pledging all delegates in advance to support the candidate of the convention. After a vote on the rules showed the Grant men to number 318 to 406 of the combined opposition, the Grant men met in secret caucus each night to renew their allegiance under Conkling's stirring oratory. "Stand fast. Keep the faith," he said to one of these caucuses I was enabled to attend, "for just so surely as the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, will, when the time comes, the weaker in this fight go to the stronger. Do not mind abuse of our candidate. It will hurt only those who indulge in it. Our candidate cannot be pismired to death."

It was a seven-day convention, and an unusual indulgence was allowed to discuss the report of the committee on credentials and for the naming of candidates. Blaine was named first, and the Blaine following in and about the convention devoted a half-hour to frantic demonstrations of approval. When Conkling, standing upon a reporters' table in the centre of the middle stage, began, "If you ask what State he hails from," the storm of applause which greeted him as he strode forward had not sufficiently subsided to enable the delegates to know whether he was speaking prose or poetry. But everybody heard before he got through, and all who heard could not fail to remember that fierce challenge, an appeal for loyalty to Grant, mingled with scorn for his detractors and opponents. But neither delays nor sharp admonitions added to the Grant strength. Grant reached his greatest vote—

313—on the thirty-fifth ballot, when Blaine had 285. The Blaine men were beaten, but they won a tactical victory on the thirty-sixth ballot by directing the combination on Garfield. The Grant men, to the number of 306, stuck to their man to the last. Going out for luncheon, after the President had been nominated, Howard Carroll, in the midst of the New York delegation, insisted to French, Wheeler, Sharpe, and Conkling that Arthur should have second place. Conkling alone disapproved, but he yielded when Governor Denison, of Ohio, came to New York headquarters to assure New York that Ohio would be glad to support any man New York would decide upon. And then Arthur was selected.

When the Democratic National Convention of 1880 was about to assemble in Cincinnati it was commonly believed that it would nominate Samuel J. Tilden by acclamation. As usual, the New York City Democrats presented the convention with a case of "dirty linen," and the convention manifested the usual hostility to Tammany Hall in disposing of it. Rufus W. Peckham had been taken along to place Tilden in nomination. He did not enjoy the horribly hot weather, or the playfulness of Apgar and some other delegates, and he was profoundly disgusted when, instead of being called upon to place Mr. Tilden in nomination, he was asked to read the letter brought to Cincinnati by Henry Tilden, in which Mr. Tilden "renounced" the nomination. That letter spoiled the convention. Having no second choice, the friends of Tilden were subject to be distributed among the fifteen candidates at once announced. Bayard, Thurman, Randall, Morrison, Ewing, Payne, Field, Seymour, McClellan, and others, including General Hancock, were presented and voted for. Hancock led on the first ballot. An adjournment afforded an opportunity for agreement, and the second ballot, next morning, as corrected by changes, gave Hancock the nomination. And W. H. English, of Indiana, was chosen to finish the ticket. I cannot recall one spontaneous or enthusiastic outburst of applause after that given when anti-Tammany's victorious delegation won its fight.

The Republicans were back in Chicago in 1884, this time with a larger Blaine contingent, but also with a very important and influential body of delegates who did not approve Arthur's expectation to be nominated and yet were not for Blaine. Massachusetts, because Arthur had been friendly to General Butler, transferred to him the hostility it had cherished against Grant, and was for Edmunds. Not one of the New York delegates-at-large—including Theodore Roosevelt—was for Arthur, and he had only thirty-one of seventy-two delegates from the State. The convention met on June 3d. The national committee's nomination of Powell Clayton for temporary chairman was rejected, and John R. Lynch, a Mississippi colored man, was chosen. The opponents of Arthur then selected John B. Henderson, of Missouri, an Edmunds man, for permanent chairman. William McKinley reported the platform. The most notable nominating speech was that of W. H. West, a "blind orator" from Ohio, who demanded Blaine's nomination because what the country wanted was "a candidate who can win with or without the State of New York." Mr. Platt made a short speech to second Blaine's nomination. John D. Long nominated an idealized Edmunds in an almost perfect speech. Next morning, when the convention met to ballot, S. B. Dutcher had provided each Arthur delegate in New York—there were thirty-one of them—with a hastily-prepared little badge bearing one line of print—"Arthur, if it takes all summer." It did not take all summer, and it was not Arthur. Blaine started in the first ballot with 334 votes to Arthur's 278. A lot of delegates had died. Roosevelt and B. B. Odell voted for Edmunds. Foraker tried to induce the convention to nominate Blaine by acclamation, and failed, but on the fourth ballot he had 541 votes and was winner. General John A. Logan was nominated for Vice-President almost without opposition.

About a month later, in the same hall, a convention largely predisposed to nominate Grover Cleveland was shocked, almost at the outset, by Thomas F. Grady's savage effort to break the unit rule, backed up by W. Bourke Cockran. Daniel Manning, on the call of the roll by States, to determine this very question, cast seventy-two votes under the unit rule, greatly infuriating the Tammany Hall opposition. When Daniel S. Lockwood nominated Cleveland, and the convention indulged in a prolonged demonstration of its approval, Grady and Cockran, who did not appear to be concerned about nominating an opponent, although Roswell P. Flower was anxious to be nominated, bitterly opposed Cleveland and declared that the Democrats would lose New York if he were nominated. Right upon that came grizzled old General E. S. Bragg, of Wisconsin, demanding Cleveland for the young men of the country. Hissing his words out between his teeth, shaking his finger toward the Tammany men, he said: "They love him, gentlemen, and they respect him not only for himself, for his character, for his integrity and judgment, but they love him most for the enemies that he has made." This pleased the convention mightily, and out of an interruption of the succeeding din a voice cried: "Give 'em a little more grape, Captain Bragg," and this reference to a Mexican War experience set the delegates to shouting more frantically than before. On the first ballot Cleveland had 329

votes, with Bayard and others running. On the first ballot, taken on the fourth day, Cleveland's vote ran up to 474. He needed 547, and the additional votes necessary were secured by prompt changes, Cleveland's nomination being announced by guns, bells, and whistles, and the convention's cheers, just at the noon hour. Thomas A. Hendricks was nominated for Vice-President at a short afternoon session, over McDonald, Rosecrans, Black, and others. The convention courteously allowed General B. F. Butler to announce his disapproval of the platform, and his intention to bolt. He bolted, and received about 350,000 votes as an opposition candidate.

The Democratic convention of 1888 was not much more than a love-feast for the benefit of the St. Louis hotel-keepers. Meeting on June 5th, it had plenty of time in three days to indulge in a small contest in the committee over a platform, to listen to Daniel Dougherty's oration nominating Mr. Cleveland, to learn to dislike the great convention hall, with its incompetent officials, its constant disorder, and its absolute lack of acoustic qualities. McKenzie, of Kentucky, made a speech characteristic of Kentucky, in seconding Cleveland. The lack of enthusiasm for Cleveland was probably the first indication of the "machine" dislike for him that was manifested four years later. About the only unreserved and spontaneous enthusiasm was that evinced for Thurman as a candidate for Vice-President. Indiana tried to rush Gray, as it had tried to stampede the 1880 convention for Hendricks for President. The effort was in both instances short-lived and unavailing. Thurman was nominated on the first ballot. General P. F. Collins, permanent chairman, expressed the opinion, at the close of the convention, that the only way in which order and the reasonable dispatch of business could be secured was by holding the convention in a hall large enough only to accommodate the delegates, alternates, and members of the press. A resolution to that effect, introduced by him, has never been acted upon.

Again in 1888 the Republicans held their national convention in Chicago, this time in the unfinished Auditorium, on June 19th. The Republicans had been out of power for nearly four years. Blaine's impaired health had served to diminish his availability and popularity as a candidate, but he still had many admirers and followers. A new movement for Sherman had made some progress, and with a free field Alger, Allison, Depew, and Gresham were picking up delegates. But none of these candidates was convincing. Some of them were frankly inadvisable. Into the midst, cautiously, with prudence, plausibility, and persistency, came the Harrison boom, with Halford, New, Dudley, Michener, and Wallace to guide its first efforts. When it was a day old the chances of half a dozen other candidates had expired. The Harrison men had the argument with them. They had only to wait for the votes. On the first ballot, on June 22d, Sherman had 229 votes, Gresham 107, Depew 99, Alger 84, Harrison 85, Allison, 72, and Blaine 35. Depew quit at the evening session, and New York's seventy-two votes went to Harrison. On the eighth ballot Harrison was nominated, and Indiana cheerfully assisted New York to nominate Governor Levi P. Morton for Vice-President.

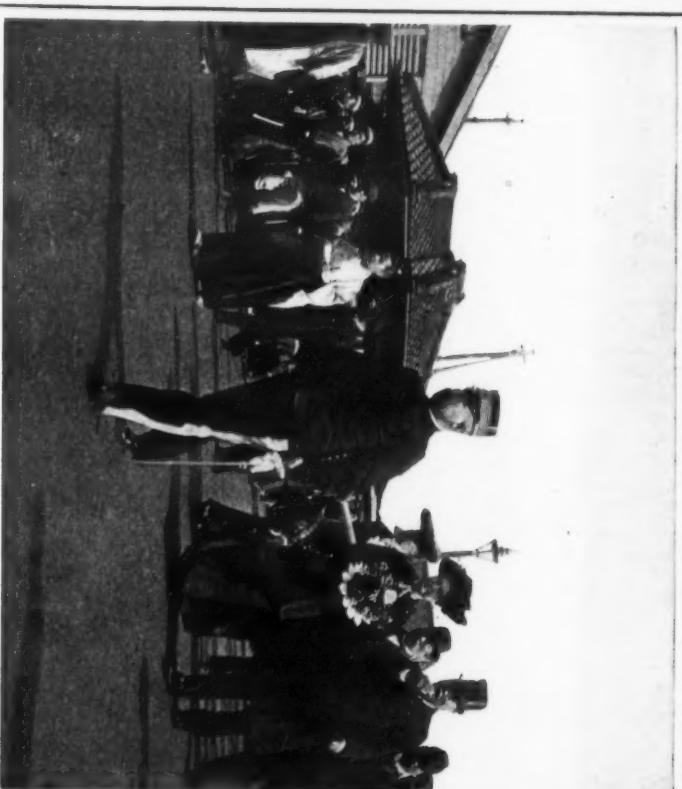
There was no doubt about what would be done by the Republicans, at Minneapolis, in 1892. Mr. Clarkson and Mr. Platt declared they believed that Blaine might be nominated, but a canvass of the delegates at any time would have made such an opinion untenable. The badly-crowded and rudely-fed delegates got to a ballot June 7th. On the fourth day the offers of wagers on Blaine were hushed by Harrison's nomination. Harrison had 535 votes, Blaine 182, and Reed 4. Reed's disappointment was keen. He had thought Harrison unpopular, and himself much more popular than his small vote indicated. Whitelaw Reid was named for Vice-President with great unanimity.

A clique of silver and radical machine Senators who expected to control the Democratic Convention at Chicago, in 1892, occupied the ground early and prepared to name anybody except Cleveland. It was the machine against the country, but William C. Whitney and a few other determined and resourceful men were on the popular side, and they won. Once more, as in 1880 and 1884, Tammany Hall was in opposition. The Cleveland men won in the permanent organization, naming Hon. W. L. Wilson to preside, and they got the platform they wanted. Leon Abbott, for New Jersey, nominated Cleveland as "the plain, blunt, honest citizen, the idol of the Democratic masses." A terrific electric storm arose, and it interrupted W. H. DeWitt in his effort to nominate David B. Hill. Horace Boies was nominated, and the noise that followed was out of all proportion to the vote he polled. John W. Daniel, of Virginia, seconding Hill in a flowery speech, exasperated the tired delegates and was treated with shameful discourtesy. It was twenty minutes to two in the morning when Bourke Cockran got the floor. He begged for an adjournment, which was refused. So he went on, most earnestly, ineffectually, and hopelessly, to belittle Cleveland and to promise that he would lose New York. Then, when the sun was rising, the convention voted, with Cockran's hour-long speech ringing in its ears. On the first and last ballot Cleveland had 617 votes, Boies 103, Hill 114 votes—72 of which were

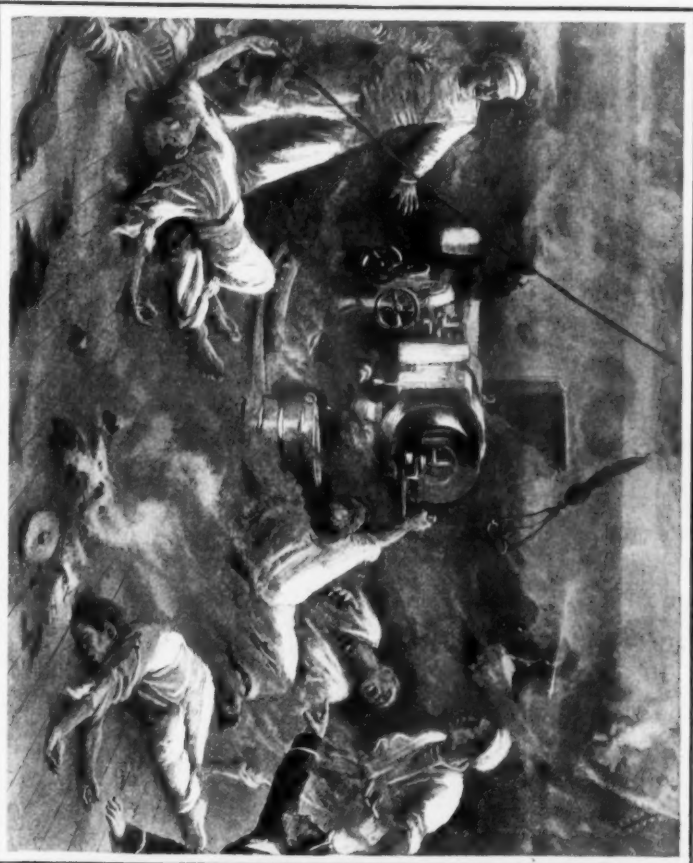
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AMERICAN NURSES FOR THE JAPANESE ARMY WELCOMED AT YOKOHAMA BY RED-CROSS NURSES AND PUPILS OF GIRLS' SCHOOLS.



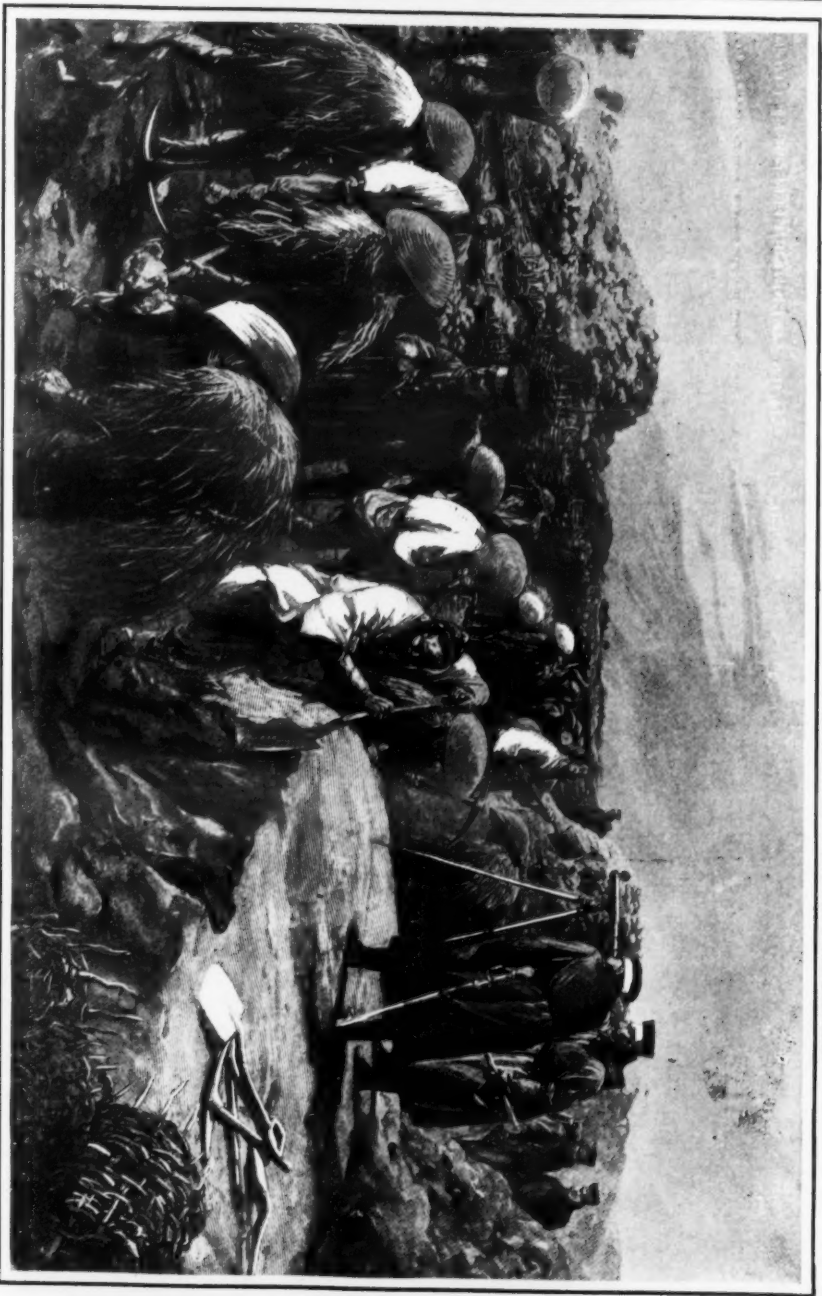
DR. MCGEE, LEADER OF A PARTY OF NURSES FROM AMERICA, HONORED WITH AN ESCORT OF PUBLIC OFFICIALS AT YOKOHAMA.



HEROIC DEFENSE OF THE "YAHAGI"—LAST GUN SILENCED, THE RUDDER SMASHED, AND THE SHIP HELPLESS UNDER THE JAPANESE FIRE.



COSSACK PATROL, DISMOUNTING AND ENGAGING IN A SKIRMISH WITH THE ENEMY.



ADVANCE GUARD OF JAPANESE, WITH RUSSIAN POES AT HAND, HASTILY THROWING UP INTERTRENCHMENTS.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE CONFLICT IN THE EAST. AMERICAN NURSES FOR THE MIKADO'S ARMY WELCOMED IN JAPAN, AND THRILLING INCIDENTS OF WAR.

The American Commercial Invasion—No. 3

Americans Welcome in France

By Gilson Willets, Special Correspondent for Leslie's Weekly

(EDITORIAL NOTE.—Mr. Gilson Willets visited the principal countries of Europe as the special correspondent of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, to investigate the facts relating to "The American Commercial Invasion of Europe" and report the results exclusively for LESLIE'S. His stories of the conditions in Russia and Germany have already appeared in previous issues, and the present story of the welcome accorded to Americans in France will be followed by his narrative of facts concerning the great American commercial army now invading England.)

LONDON, May 19th, 1904.

IT WAS simply exasperating. In Paris and throughout France I found that the French people had adopted everything "Americaine" as a fad. From Havre on the North to Nice in the South, from Nantes in the West to Dijon in the East, I found the people accepting the American with open arms and buying everything American-made with an outpouring of francs. Here, then, was a state of affairs diametrically opposed to the attitude of the people of Germany. The German commercial element simply detests the American invaders, while the Frenchman of all classes almost falls on the neck of the American invader and weeps over him with tears of joyous greeting. I repeat, it was simply exasperating. For when one arrives in a foreign country, in France in particular, one wishes to see and to use, and to have and to hold, things foreign—things French. My experiences in France, however, were quite the opposite of my personal wishes. For, despite my every attempt at evasion of things American, I constantly met the invasion of things from Chicago, or things created in Philadelphia, or products out of Texas, or merchandise labeled "Made in the United States."

The very ship that landed me in the harbor of Havre was laden from keel to deck with American manufactured products. I will not attempt to enumerate the hundred and one different products in that cargo, for the list would resemble a page from a trade directory. Sufficient to say that the next morning, before I left Havre for Paris, the quay was piled to an exceeding altitude with mountains of merchandise taken from out that ship, including everything in clothing from furs to boys' pants; everything in factory foods from sausage casings to canned soups (imagine American soups reaching the tables of the children of the mother country of *potage*!); everything in the strong-drink line, from Kentucky whiskey to Vermont dried apples, from which the French make a kind of intoxicating beverage called *piquette*, which is largely supplanting their native wines in popularity; everything in the way of machinery from dynamos and turbines to dovetailing machines used in furniture factories; everything in wood from cigar-boxes to picture frames.

As I viewed those Alpines of American products on the wharf, it was natural to recall the fact that the French republic is a greater importing country than the United States, for while our imports are a couple of hundred million dollars less than a billion, the imports of France exceed a billion. Further, the sight of that merchandise on the quay helped me to appreciate the fact that of all the manufactured products imported by France, one-sixth comes from the United States, the round figures being \$150,000,000 worth of "made" goods from all the world, of which \$25,000,000 comes from the United States alone. Not to speak of millions and millions of dollars' worth of the products of our iron and coal mines, and more millions' worth of the products of our soil, bought annually by the French.

Some of the particulars of what caused my before-mentioned exasperation may prove interesting. I had been told that whereas the Germans were taking every aggressive measure to rout the American commercial invaders, the French passively submitted to the invaders, dealers and consumers alike buying the goods offered, not grudgingly, but with polite words of praise thrown in with their francs, the French manufacturers viewing the proceeding with disinterested chuckles. Still, I was not prepared to find honors literally thrust upon commercial America—as the following specific citations of fact suggest:

At my hotel—the Elysée Palace Hotel—the atmosphere, to be sure, was French. But fifty per cent. of the materialism of that hostelry was American. When my linen from the laundry was brought to my room, it bore every mark of machine-washing and machine-ironing, instead of that exquisite appearance produced by hand-laundering, for which the Parisians are famous. The valet was astonished at my protestations, proudly declaring that my linen had been sent to the American steam laundry, where all the laundering is done by American washing-machines and American laundry apparatus in general. That same morning I called at the office of one of the great Paris newspapers, and was shown through the plant. "That's New York paper," said the superintendent, pointing to paper that was running through a rotary press at the rate of a mile a minute. "French paper manufacturers are far behind in their orders," continued my guide, "and so we have to buy in America. Also that press, as you see, is a New York press, and the ink on those rollers is New York ink."

On my way back to the hotel I passed an "American ice-cream parlor," an "American shoe store," and an "American barber-shop," all so labeled in signs on their respective windows, the signs themselves

being made of white-metal letters made in the States. I afterward learned that a man from New Haven conducted the ice-cream place, though why the Parisian eats American cream, which is far inferior to the French cream, it is difficult to conceive. A Boston shoe firm owned the shoe store, and the barber-shop was equipped with American chairs. In other shops I saw American spectacles, American hardware, and American photographic supplies and cameras, while one shop in particular had absolutely nothing for sale but North Carolina peanuts. And, concerning peanuts, I should add that, later on, in Marseilles, I learned that during the previous twelve months 10,000 bags of American peanuts had been received at that port, each bag containing 220 pounds, and that the nuts were made into oil, the American peanut being preferred above all others for this purpose.

In a certain restaurant I saw displayed a sign stating that within could be bought macaroni made from Texas wheat. I afterward found that northern Texas produces a hard, glutinous wheat exactly suited to the demands of macaroni manufacturers in France and Italy, that they gave the preference to such wheat over that produced elsewhere in the world, and that Texas farmers literally control the French and Italian markets in hard wheat. Reaching my hotel, after this encounter with Americanism on every hand, I opened the newspaper given to me hot from the press during my inspection of the plant referred to, and the following is a translation of two or three of the notices that my eyes first met:

The new government postal cars, now in experimental use on the railway to the South, prove to possess advantages greatly superior to anything known on the continent.

A great deal of interest has been manifested in France in the experiments of the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway Company—the most important railway corporation in this country—in importing a number of American locomotives. Yesterday morning, for the first time, the regular rapid express was conveyed from Paris to Marseilles by one of the new locomotives, the rate of speed during the journey exceeding eighty miles an hour. It will not be long before all our fast trains will be pulled by American locomotives, their uniformity of speed and their general stability proving more satisfactory than any engines yet tried in this country.

Of the "open-arm" reception to American men of business, a few specific instances are here in order. The first of these involves the story of the welcome accorded a certain American by President Loubet himself. On the way over to France one of my ship-board acquaintances was a commercial traveler, representing a corset concern of Worcester, Mass. "But how can you expect to sell Yankee corsets in the very capital of the corset world?" I asked. "Just the same as we sell our canned soups to a nation which included soup-making as one of its fine arts before we were born as a nation," he said. The sequel occurred on the first evening of my arrival in Paris, when I received a note from the corset agent to come at once to the Palace of the Elysée. "Why, that's the home of the President," I said to myself. "That's the White House of France. What business can a corset seller have in that most romantic of the great houses of Paris, where once lived Madame de Pompadour and Marat and the first Napoleon?"

I drove to the palace, and was readily admitted to the residence of the most democratic ruler in Europe. In a stately ante-room I found my commercial friend. "It's all because you gave me your address as the Elysée Palace instead of the Elysée Palace Hotel," he said. "I insisted upon being driven to the Elysée Palace, and when I reached that magnificent front door I insisted that this was a hotel and persisted in having my card sent up to your apartments. The guards took me for a lunatic, and were about to arrest me, just as the doorkeeper at our own White House would take charge of a crank, when a man with a kind of farmer's beard and the kindest eyes in the world entered, and, after putting a question or two to the guard, turned to me, asked me to sit down, smiled at the situation, and said: 'This is not the first time one from your country has been brought here when he really wished to go to the Elysée Palace Hotel. We have certain days for visitors, but now that you are here I will direct some one to show you through this building.' I thanked him, and said that I had a friend in the city, also an American, for whom I would like to send, in order that he, too, might enjoy the privilege so kindly granted. He readily assented, and then I wrote you that note. Meantime he engaged me in conversation, learned what my business is in Paris, then told me of his vineyards down near Lyons, adding that on the first day that promises rain, which at this season of the year turns to hail, they were going to fire cannon at the clouds to ward off the hail. I told him I was going to Lyons, and he then wrote what you see on this card"—producing the President's card—"asking the cannoneers to make things pleasant for us. I understand you are going to Lyons, so we'll take this in together."

One of the President's aids then came to show us through the palace. He showed us even into the bedroom of M. Loubet, where the head of the French nation sleeps in a huge bed of the severe style of the Empire, with an imperial canopy—the bed that once Napoleon occupied. A few days later we arrived in Lyons and, as the day was cloudy, took a local train

out to the home of the bourgeois family of which the President is a member. Surely enough, there were the cannoneers ready for the battle with hail. Scattered over 2,500 acres of rich vine land—including several vineyards besides that of the Loubet family—were fifty-two cannon manned by 104 cannoneers. At a given signal—the firing of one gun—the cannonading of the clouds commenced. It should be stated that it was raining in torrents when the firing began. Under the action of the firing, however, the thick black clouds were torn to pieces and dispersed, and thus was averted for that day a fall of hail which often proves so ruinous to the vines in that district. This cannonading process, we learned, was not a haphazard occurrence, but was organized the same as a battle, with 12,000 cloud-firing stations in southern France and Italy. But how could this spectacular proceeding benefit a corset agent? Upon our return to Paris I found that the agent had utilized the occasion to advertise himself, causing the newspapers to print his description of the firing, naming himself as the special guest of the President. Whereupon the French dealers flocked to inspect his samples, and before long he told me that he had received a large order from the Bon Marché, the largest department store in Paris.

The second illustration of the "open-arm" reception to Americans involves an undertaking of great magnitude and the investment of millions of American dollars, together with a large quantity of American brain. This is a concession to American capitalists to construct a network of trolley lines covering a distance of 900 miles in the north of France, with Lille as the centre. The deal was consummated in Paris, where I met one of the directors of the company. "The Frenchmen wouldn't do it themselves," he said, "so we will do it for them. We have secured the right to construct a series of trolley lines bringing all the manufacturing districts of the north into close connection with Lille. The most surprising phase of the whole matter is the almost total lack of opposition. All they asked of us was that we, in return for the concession, contract to make certain important improvements. The most extensive of the improvements which we have agreed to make is the building of a boulevard between Lille, Roubaux, and Tourcoing, which will cost us \$400,000. The few obstacles we did encounter quickly gave way to popular feeling, which is strongly in favor of the enterprise. The French know that there is pressing need of the work, and they seem to feel that the fact that American capital and American ingenuity are engaged is a guarantee of integrity and excellence. Let me tell you one secret of the ease with which America is capturing France commercially—it's anything to beat the Germans; anything to keep out the Germans, who long ago wanted to build these very trolley lines, but were turned down by French haters of the Teutons." Later, when I visited Lille itself, I found there an astonishing number of agencies for purely American products, including pine fibre, dried fruits, refrigerators, desks, diamond drills, machinery for artesian wells, novelties, etc.

The third example of the welcome accorded American goods is that of the establishment of an important trade in France in an article that previously had no commercial value—namely, fish scales. In 1899 a French chemist discovered a method of manufacturing artificial pearls and other ornaments from fish scales. The supply of scales was far below the demand. Instead of turning to Norway, or to some other European fishing centre, the Frenchmen promptly looked to America to furnish the scales. Nothing was done, however, until the present year. It happened that the first cargo of American scales arrived while I was in Marseilles. Hearing of this unique consignment I went to the quay and saw the product with my own eyes. The scales were packed in tin cans, and had been sprinkled with salt as soon as they were removed from the fish. These particular scales came from the waters around the Thousand Islands, where every year, as soon as the water becomes warm, great numbers of salt-water fish die, and thousands of them are cast upon the shores of the islands and upon the banks of the St. Lawrence. The fish are principally menhaden and alewives. The scales proved to be exactly what the French chemists wanted, and now a factory is being built on the St. Lawrence, while another is to be built on the shore of Lake Ontario, both of which will soon be in operation supplying the French with fish scales.

The fourth example of the way the French favor Americans is no less unique. In 1902 the French sardine catch was a failure. Why? Simply because of the lack of a sufficient supply of proper bait, and because of its consequent high price. Now this bait is known as "rogue," and is a sort of oily dough made of the eggs and entrails of codfish. The failure of the catch entailed not only great loss to the packers in this important industry, but caused such misery among the fishermen of Brittany that popular subscriptions were opened all over France to save them from starvation. The French then looked around to see whence a supply of the bait could be obtained to avert such disaster in the future. The "rogue" of Newfoundland, of Sweden, and of Norway was tried and proved

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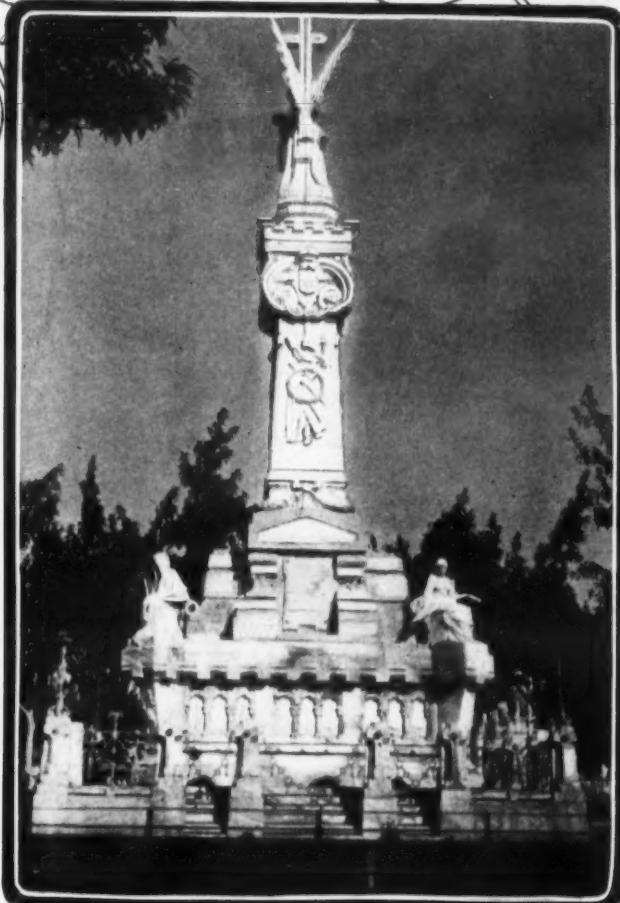
TYPICAL HOME OF THE RUSTIC NATIVE IN CUBA.



HAULING SUGAR-CANE FROM THE FIELD IN AN OX-CART.



ODD MARKET SCENE IN HAVANA.



FINE FIREMEN'S MONUMENT IN HAVANA CEMETERY.



HAVANA HARBOR, SHOWING THE WRECK OF THE FAMOUS BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE."



A BUSINESS STREET IN THE CUBAN CAPITAL.

"QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES" UNDER HER OWN FLAG.
THE MODERNIZED CITY OF HAVANA, AND GLIMPSES OF PLANTATION LIFE IN THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

Photographs by L. H. Schultz.



WORLD'S YOUNGEST CITY AND ITS MARVELOUS GROWTH.

BUSY MAIN STREET OF CHICKASHA, INDIAN TERRITORY, A TOWN ONLY FOUR YEARS OLD, WHICH HAS A POPULATION OF 10,000 AND IS AN IMPORTANT BUSINESS CENTRE—Irwin.

Twelve Great Conventions.

Continued from page 508.

from New York. Cleveland was nominated before he received the vote of New York. Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, was speedily named for Vice-President.

Thanks to the organizing ability and energy of Mr. Hanna, it was accepted as almost certain, before the Republican convention met at St. Louis on June 16th, 1896, that William McKinley would be its candidate for President. Not until Senator Lodge, Senator Foraker, Governor Crane, and a few other resolute gold men put their heads together was it decided that whoever was nominated should run as a gold-standard man, for McKinley was not there to say he would and Hanna would not say so for him. Before the committee on resolutions reported the platform, Teller, Dubois, Pettigrew, and the other silver men who bolted knew what was coming and that McKinley would be obliged to run on an unequivocal gold-standard platform, if at all. Allison, Reed (now an outspoken candidate), Morton, Quay, and McKinley were placed in nomination. McKinley was chosen with a rush, on the first ballot, by 661½ votes, Reed having only 84½ votes. The demonstration for McKinley was only less remarkable in its intensity and endurance than that following the announcement of the gold plank in the platform. Hobart, of New Jersey, the favorite for Vice-President, was named on first ballot. William J. Bryan, as reporter for the Omaha *World-Herald*, reported the proceedings from a place among the press seats.

A magnificent hall, much too large, and very badly managed, sheltered the memorable Democratic convention of 1896, held at Chicago July 4th. A clique of silver and populist Senators controlled it from the first. They declared that no gold-bug would find it a comfortable place to be in, and they "made good." Before the convention met, Richard P. Bland—"Silver Dick," as he was called—was a growing favorite. Former Senator Vest has repeated the story that Bland was defeated by the circulation of the report that his wife was a Catholic. It was true, but Vest said the truth did not justify Bland's abandonment. Carrying out their threat, the radical silver men rejected David B. Hill for temporary chairman and elected John W. Daniel, of Virginia, who had nominated Hill for President in 1892. The credentials committee unseated some gold men in Nebraska and substituted a delegation, including Bryan. New York and Wisconsin would not accept the platform, and refused to vote after it had been adopted. In support of it Bryan delivered his celebrated "cross of gold" speech, and was at once a preferred candidate. Bland led in the voting until the third ballot, when he had 298 votes. Then his support fell away and Bryan's accumulated. On the fifth ballot Bryan was nominated. The convention had been almost constantly hysterical since Bryan made his "crown of thorns" oration; now it abandoned itself to a very frenzy of delight, in which everybody but the silenced gold delegates and alternates participated. In a rather bad temper the convention, not without some indications of lack of approval of its own action, nominated Arthur W. Sewall, of Maine, for Vice-President.

McKinley's renomination was a foregone conclusion to the Republican convention of 1900. And the delegates swarming into the city insisted that the country expected the nomination of New York's Governor for the second place. But Mr. Hanna and a few other Senators opposed the Roosevelt boom. Before their power to correct the popular inclination could be tested, Hanna withdrew his opposition. So did all other candidates. So, after Governor Roosevelt had presented McKinley, and he had been nominated by acclamation, he heard himself named and voted on. This convention had moments of enthusiasm, but it was not remarkable for its demonstrativeness.

The most typical scene in the Democratic National Convention of 1900, at Kansas City, was the reverent uncovering of an image of W. J. Bryan, on the stage, early in the proceedings. The spirit of the convention was, if possible, a little more bitter toward conservative Democracy and Democrats than it was in 1896. Bryan was consulted at his home in Lincoln on all important matters. A change had come over the Democratic mind since 1896, for in the platform committee the sixteen-to-one policy would not have been reaffirmed if the votes of the delegates from the Territories and Hawaii had been excluded. Although with the minority in his own delegation and in the convention, David B. Hill was given an attentive hearing and was repeatedly applauded most generously. Former Vice-President Stevenson was again nominated for that office.

"The Bridal of the Seas."

A NUPTIAL feast is spreading
On Panama's far shore,
With such a show of bounty
As ne'er has been before.
The bright and fair Pacific
The bonny bride will be
Who weds the proud Atlantic,
The restless, Eastern sea.

HE'S coming on to claim her:
The wedding garment's spun
Of opalescent wave-crests
A-shimmer in the sun.
The mist that hides the hilltops
Will be the wedding veil,
All caught with pearls and coral
And laced with sea-ferns pale.

A SHORE of snowy whiteness
Will be the altar rail,
Banked deep with palms and roses
And hung with orchids frail.
The wind, who loves the oceans,
The wedding march will play
Upon the strings of heaven,
Just at the dawn of day.

THE nations will be bidden
From ev'ry foreign shore,
And echoes of the wassail
Will ring for evermore:
For chosen from these nations
Our own shall tie the band
That joins these eager oceans
Across the neck of land.

JULIA W. MICHAEL.

Phenomenal Growth of a Prairie City.

THE YOUNGEST twentieth-century city is Chickasha, Indian Territory, and it is a phenomenon. It has had its entire history, its origin and growth, within the first four years of the twentieth century, but in that short time it has increased from a hamlet to 10,000 in population. Rev. M. Claude Haecker, a local pastor and a missionary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, New York, describes it as "about the busiest, liveliest, up-to-date little place in Uncle Sam's domain." It has two million dollars' worth of brick and stone business blocks, factories, mills, schools, and homes just erected, and is "almost new" throughout. Its flour is in every part of the world, a train-load of its best brand being sent recently to Edinburgh, Scotland. One of its mills has an output of 800 barrels per day, and one of its elevators can handle forty car-loads of wheat every day in the year. A wholesale house there recently shipped one hundred dozen quails for the private table of the Emperor of Japan. The leading product is not wheat, but cotton. This is practically its first cotton year, yet it has exported \$4,000,000 worth of cotton, or more than 40,000 bales. Eight thousand tons of cotton-seed were reduced to finished products. Twenty-eight thousand car-loads, or eight hundred and forty million pounds of freight, were imported and exported last year. A quarter of a million dollars was received at the railroad station in 1903 for tickets. There are 1,800 school children. Three of its churches are now agitating for the construction of fine modern buildings. They have memberships varying from 200 to 600. Yet Chickasha, only four years ago, was a squatter village on an Indian prairie. Geronimo, the famous Indian scalper, lives a short distance from Chickasha. He is a convert to Christianity and a member of the church.

Korea's Emperor a Cipher.

THE EMPEROR of Korea, according to Mr. Angus Hamilton, is an amiable and progressive gentleman, who has been completely under the thumb of his Queen, the remarkable Lady Om, and his ministers. His Majesty has been almost a cipher in the management of his empire. Nominally, the Emperor of Korea enjoys the prerogative and independence of an autocrat; in reality, he has been in the hands of that party whose intrigues, for the time being, may have been given the upper hand. He has been the slave of his women. When he broke away from their thralldom, in the endeavor to free himself from their political associations, his exceedingly able and unscrupulous minister, Yi Yong-Ik, the chief of the Household Bureau, ruled him with a rod of iron. It mattered not in what direction the will of his Majesty should be, it was certain to be thwarted with the connivance of palace women or by the direct bribery of ministers. The advent of the Japanese and the deposition of the minister created a new situation at Seoul.

GOOD health is real wealth—Abbott's Angostura Bitters is a veritable fortune to the weak.



LAST FAREWELLS AS THE BIG STEAMER GLIDES DOWN THE BAY.



IN THE SHIP'S LIBRARY—WRITING A LETTER HOME.



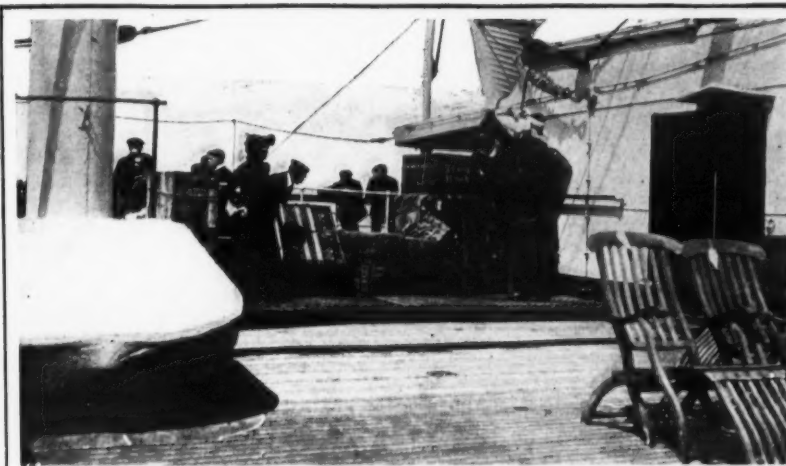
PASSENGERS CROWDING TO THE RAIL TO WATCH A PASSING VESSEL, FAR OUT AT SEA.



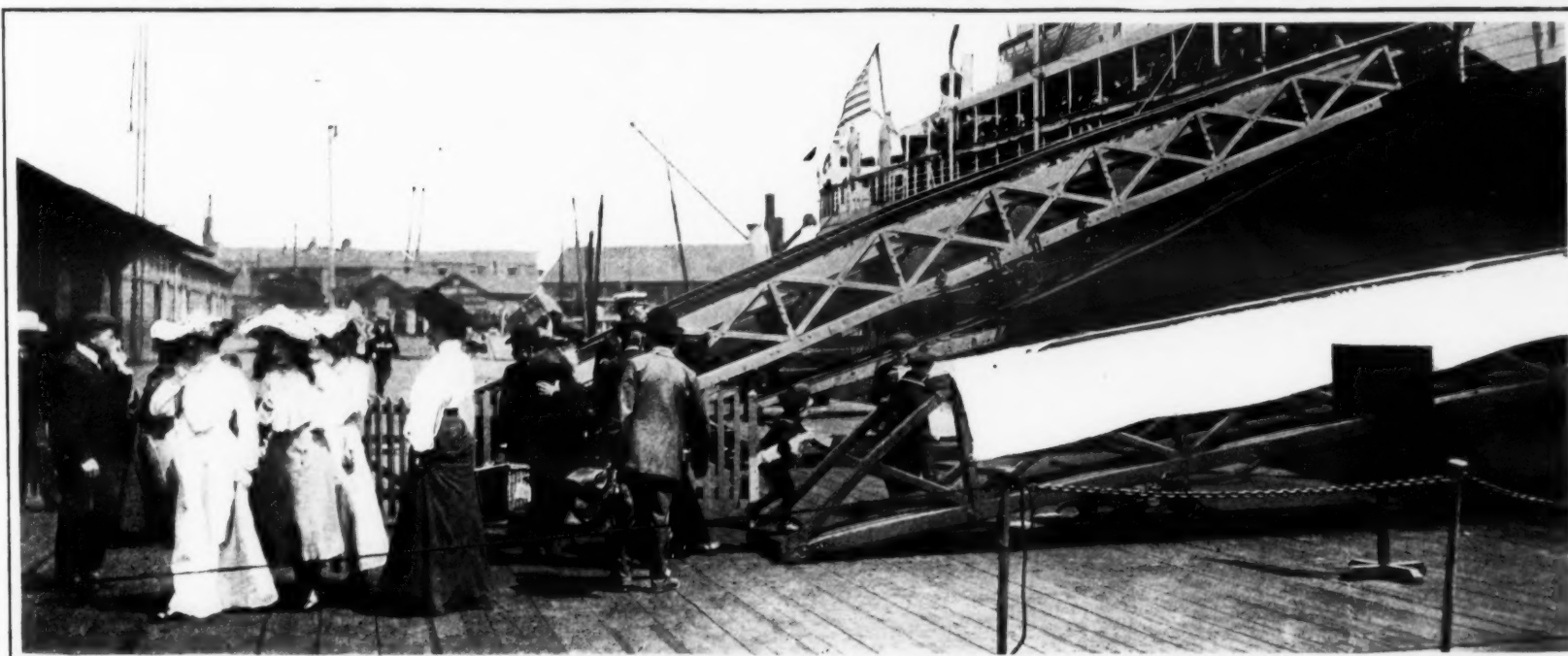
OCCUPANTS OF STEAMER-CHAIRS WHILING AWAY THE HOURS IN MID-OCEAN READING.



CHILDREN NEVER TIRE OF PLAYING ON THE BROAD OPEN DECKS.



NEARING THE END OF THE VOYAGE—GETTING OUT BAGGAGE OF PASSENGERS WHO LAND AT CHERBOUR.



FINISH OF A DELIGHTFUL TRIP—ALL LEAVING THE STEAMSHIP AT SOUTHAMPTON.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STORY OF A TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE.

A PLEASURE TRIP IN SUMMER FROM NEW YORK TO SOUTHAMPTON ON THE AMERICAN LINER "ST. PAUL."

Photographs by Earl Mayo.

Vanished Millions

by Ausburn Towner

IN TWO PARTS.

CHAPTER I.

BACK OF THE LUNCH-ROOM.

THE LITTLE old wooden building was again rented.

It was only about fourteen feet in width and two stories and an attic high, standing on a broad street, with high stone buildings of modern style on either hand. It looked as though it was being gradually squeezed between them, and would, some day or other, growing thinner and thinner, entirely disappear. It had been occupied by a colored family long ago, and then had been, in turn, a barber-shop, a tobacco store, a little bakery, and once it had had for its sole tenant a boot-black. The title to the land on which it stood being uncertain, there was no one to spend money to keep it in proper condition, and it had grown shabby and black in spots.

Directly opposite, across the street, was one end of a great, gray, severe-looking stone building that extended its columned side along the whole length of the block.

But now the little building had been rented again, and by a plentiful use of white enamel paint and glass had been transformed into a very gem of a lunch-room.

It was not, however, its looks, elaborate as they were, inside and out, nor the immaculate linen of the tables and the ever-glittering glass and silver, nor yet the toothsome dainties that were served, that attracted thither the business men that abounded in that neighborhood. Behind a little bar railed off with nickel-plated rods, in one of the front corners, sat, when the place was formally opened to the public, and continued to sit for many months thereafter, one of the comeliest maidens that the city had ever seen. She was hardly entitled to be called by the refined epithet "beautiful," but she was exceedingly amiable and attractive, and soon came to be talked of and commented upon by the numerous young men who frequented the place, as the "stunnin' cashier." She was a decided brunette, and some good judges declared that she must have African blood in her veins—perhaps one drop in eight or one drop in sixteen—but it didn't much matter as to her attractiveness whether she was pure Caucasian or not.

She seemed to be always there behind the counter, early and late, and the same could be said of the cook as to the cramped kitchen in the rear. No one ever took their places. But the two or three waiters very frequently were changed. Two or three would serve for a few days and would be replaced, one at a time, by two or three others, then the first two or three would return, constantly keeping up this rotation.

They were all attentive, silent, preoccupied men, most of them in the prime of their young manhood. And they seemed always to be listening. A group or a table full of men engaged in earnest conversation in a low tone of voice would quickly find close to them one of the two or three waiters, who heard what they were saying before he took their orders. They were all "well put-up" men. You could see the action of the muscles of the upper arm showing through the sleeves of their white coats, and their sturdy lower limbs were equally observable, while their hands



looked as though, if they seized hold of an object, it would be a difficult matter to loosen the grasp. Yet they handled the frail glass and the delicate ware with a soft and gentle touch.

There was a curious thing that came to be noticed after a time, and it was recalled months afterward. Men were seen going into the lunch-room at an early hour in the morning or just at a little after dusk, who presently appeared as waiters. But none of them was ever seen coming therefrom. They were to the number of twelve or thereabouts.

At the back of the little wooden building, reaching across the block, there was a narrow alley, hardly wide enough for one wagon.

Almost the next morning after the lunch-room was opened, in the gray of dawn, a one-horse wagon with a covered top stopped near the rear door. Men appeared from the doorway of the kitchen with huge baskets on their shoulders, the contents of which they quietly but quickly emptied into the wagon. The load, which they provided in a very few minutes, must have been a heavy one, for the horse found it a pretty hard pull up the rise at the head of the alley. On the smooth asphaltum of the street, however, he moved at a brisk pace down toward the river.

For days and days thereafter, at the same early hour, there was a like proceeding. It did not, as it was not likely it would, attract any attention, for the wagon was an ordinary one, like hundreds of others passing through the streets at that hour.

Another circumstance, for a while, disturbed those who were accustomed to make use of the alley in their business. A half-dozen or more old railroad ties were dumped down close to the door of the kitchen every few mornings. The way was so narrow that they entirely obstructed it.

To a driver who, with many strenuous oaths, complained that he couldn't get by, a swarthy, stalwart man, dressed like a cook and appearing from the kitchen door in answer to the cries, explained.

"You see," he said, "we get these ties for nothing. We can have them by coming and drawing them away, and their cartage is all they cost us. They are dry and firm and make the best firewood for cooking. We cut them up in the cellar." He repeated the words slowly and deliberately, and closed by getting the eye of the driver and concluding, "See?"

The driver was pacified and seemed to see, for he could only nod his head, as his face was inside a great bowl of hot coffee that the cook had had brought out to him. Four men who had been summoned by the cook, each shouldering a tie and carrying it into the kitchen, soon removed the objectionable objects.

The driver had only gathered up his reins and chirruped to his horse, preparatory to moving on, when a man, leading a mule hitched to a sooty cart, appeared at the head of the alley and cried out: "Say! You! Where d'ye want this coal?"

The cook seemed a trifle embarrassed, but called out in reply: "Take it to the front," and passed back into the kitchen.

"SENNACHERIB."

"SPEAKING of cats," said a large man dressed in a rusty suit of blue, sitting with two companions in the little lunch-room in the mid-afternoon. He had but one leg, and wore a green shade over his right eye.

"Who's talking about cats?" interrupted one of his companions.

The first speaker did not heed the sneer, but continued: "We call him 'Schnack,' but his real name is 'Sennacherib,' and he comes down 'like a wolf on the fold,' over there." He jerked his thumb, as he spoke, toward the great, gray building across the street. "He hasn't got much of what you would call a tail," he continued. "He's almost as big as a good-sized dog, and so black that the darkest night seems light when he is around. Before he came the whole building was just swarming with rats and mice. There ain't none there now. He gets acquainted easy. He has a piece of my lunch every midnight. He comes for it regular, but somehow I never see him until I feel him rubbing against my leg. It gives me a queer sort of feeling, too, when he does so. Little pricking prickles like, running up my leg and through my body."

His companions were slowly eating their lunch, but it was evident that they were listening.

"Say!" he went on, "were you ever on picket duty in the dead of a dark night, with great black woods back of you, and in front high banks leading

down to a dark river below, and across it the enemy?"

"I've been there," said the same companion who had before spoken; "and I don't want any more of it." He solemnly shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"I know a worse place than that," suggested the first speaker.

Then the third man broke in, with not so much interest as sarcasm in the tone of his voice: "I don't see what that has to do with cats."

"Sennacherib" always gets there," was the mild comment. "You see it's just as bad over there," and again he indicated the great gray building across the way by a motion of his thumb. "When I first came

there I was stationed on the fourth floor, the attic, the loneliest place in the world, and I won't bar a graveyard at midnight. You could see anything up there among the shadows that you wanted to see; you could hear anything that you wanted to hear. I never went up and down the long corridors on my beat without fearing, and almost expecting, that some one would spring out upon me from some of the deep shadows."

While he had been speaking, one of the waiters came and stood very near. He placed his hands behind his back and against the wall, leaning his body against them in an expressively listening attitude.

There were two gentlemen, about the only other occupants of the room, sitting at the next table but one from the party. One of them had been reading a newspaper. He laid it upon the table with an exclamation of astonishment.

"What is it?" his companion asked.

"The greatest marvel on the face of the earth!" was the reply. "I say it without fear of contradiction. Talk about Solomon or Cræsus or Midas or any of those fabulous Munchausens of antiquity! They are not in it with us. Think of it! To have in our vaults nearly five hundred millions of dollars in gold! Think of it—no, we can't think of it. The mind can't grasp it. It's like trying to conceive an idea of space or eternity. Five hundred millions of dollars gathered in one heap!"

The three men at the other table, and even the waiter, were attracted by the fervent exclamations and looked, for an instant, at the one who uttered them. Then the man with a patch over his eye, securing again the attention of his companions, continued:

"I was transferred from the attic, after a while, to that outer doorway there, that you can see just opposite here. It is stronger than the gates of a prison. I had the midnight trick, the easiest one of the whole lot, but lonesome. There's one thought that the guard there cannot help having, try as he may. It weighed on me every moment that I was on duty there. That almost under my feet there, not thirty yards away, lay five hundred million dollars in gold!"

He stopped an instant and repeated, with somewhat bated breath: "Five hundred million dollars in gold!"

Some little time elapsed before he again spoke, and then it was with a hushed tone, as though he was about to relate some mysterious, awe-inspiring incident, that he added:

Continued on page 518.



"WE CUT THEM UP IN THE CELLAR. . . SEE?"



"THE 'STUNNIN' CASHIER."



A FAVORITE RECREATION OF YOUTHFUL NEW-YORKERS.
DELIGHTED CHILDREN, OF THE RICH AND THE POOR, WATCHING THE MONKEYS IN THEIR CAGES AT THE "ZOO."
Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by Ch. Weber.



YACHTING MILLIONAIRES GOING TO SCHOOL

By Harriet Quimby



DO YOU know how to box the compass, adjust the sextant, make an eye-splice, or a marline-spike hitch? If you are a yachtsman and ignorant of these few items of nautical lore, it would be better for you to put your craft in the dry-dock and spend the season in the mountains, for the "figure-head" captain is decidedly out of it this year. The inactive yacht owner who pays a captain to bear his responsibility for him, while he cruises about for pleasure, is a man of the past. It is now the proper thing to know not only how to paddle your own canoe, but to put the knowledge into practice. The up-to-date yachtsman is a captain in every sense of the word. He is competent to sail his boat into any waters in the world, and he is not satisfied until he holds a government license to do so.

Down in Water Street, New York City, is situated the New York Nautical College, where one can become expert in everything pertaining to navigation, from shinning up a mast to repairing the most complicated marine engine. It is the only institution of its kind in the United States outside of the navy. As can be imagined, it is the centre of attraction to lovers of the sea, especially at this time of the year, so close upon the beginning of the yachting season. Under the direction of Captain Howard Patterson, founder and president of the college, the millionaire yacht owners, some of whom are as well known to the public as is President Roosevelt, are as diffident as schoolboys while they work away trying to solve the mysteries of chart sailing, becoming proficient in the use of the sextant, and also gaining ease in the all-important knowledge of nautical terms, with which a yachtsman likes to lord it over a landlubber. If you own an automobile you are not considered an automobilist until you know how to take the machine apart and put it together again. If you would sail, you must also understand your craft and know how to handle it in any kind of weather. And this sweeping knowledge is not confined to men. The girl who loves the water is also taking a course in navigation, and this summer we will see her, no doubt, squinting her pretty eyes in the most fetching manner as she "shoots the sun" with the sextant, or works out the exact latitude of Long Island Sound by studying the planets; we may see her hoisting the jib, or making a turk's head out of rope, for she, with a good-sized plural, is studying very earnestly in the various departments in order to receive her papers before the season is well on.

It takes courage for the society devotee to buckle down to a course of study which includes the compass and its details, the chronometer, the quadrant, the octant, the sextant, the manner of observing altitudes,

latitude by meridian observation of the sun, declination of the sun, longitude by equal altitudes of the sun, latitude by the planets, deviation of the compass by amplitudes of the sun, and many other things which must be perfectly clear before a master's certificate is granted. However, with the precedents of Mrs. Howard Gould and Mrs. Robert Goelet before her, she has taken the bull by the horns, and with ambition characteristic of the American girl she is following suit. There are at the present time only four women in America who hold a government license as pilot or

bilt, C. Oliver Iselin, Allison V. Armour, F. Marion Crawford, and many others equally well known. A graduate of 1903 was Albert C. Bostwick, for years America's most noted and fearless automobilist. Last year a class of fifty or more, composed of the most prominent members of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club and the Atlantic Yacht Club, attended the college in a body. With the intention of securing a license as master of the *Corsair*, J. P. Morgan began a course of study under Captain Patterson, but business interfered, so that he had to discontinue the lessons. His son-in-law, Herbert L. Satterlee, completed the course and now holds a navigator's license.

The college consists of a series of departments which are furnished with all the modern instruments of navigation. A large room, which is to an observer the most interesting of the number, is set apart as a rigging loft, and it is furnished with every description of cordage, tools, blocks, pin-rails, and all appliances for thorough marline-spike work. In the model-room, masts are stepped, spars set aloft, standing rigging set up, running rigging rove off, and sails bent, set, reefed, and furled in orthodox manner. There are working models, each nine feet in length, of the cat-boat, sloop, cutter, yawl, schooner, brig, bark, and ship, perfectly rigged in every detail. There is also an engine-room with a torpedo-boat type of modern triple-expansion engine, in which some of the girl students display the same interest as is shown by the men.

"Millionaires make good students," says Captain Patterson. "They take pleasure in their study and seem to be willing to work doubly hard in order to hasten the time of getting the papers which testify to the world their ability to handle a craft. They are enthusiastic workers and are all men of quick, keen insight, with mind and ability to grasp a proposition quickly. The women students seem fired with a determination to learn as much and as rapidly as they can. Knowing how to master a ship and the prospect of putting that knowledge into practice is sufficient reward."

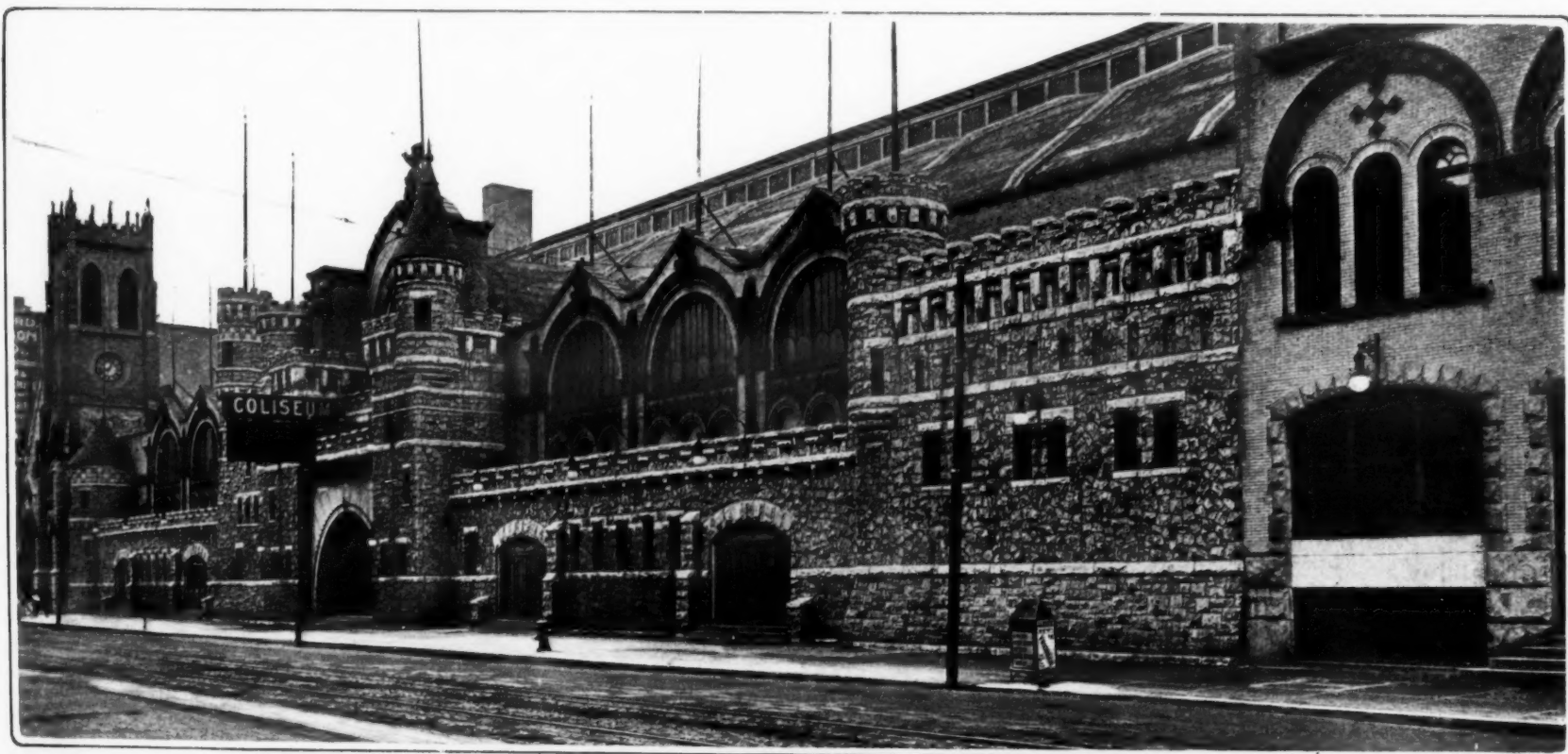
The school-room of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gould was in the Holland House, on Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Gould, who was at that time Miss Clemons, had one room of her suite fitted up with all the necessary nautical instruments, and Captain Patterson called twice a week to instruct Mr. Gould and his prospective bride in the art of navigation. The college has among its students representatives from all countries, and only a short time ago it graduated William S. Lee, or Lee Suey Hong, the only Chinese to receive a captain's license from an American institution. Mr. Lee is about to re-enter the college in order to take a course in naval architecture.



"SHOOTING THE SUN."—Photograph by Helen D. Van Eaton.

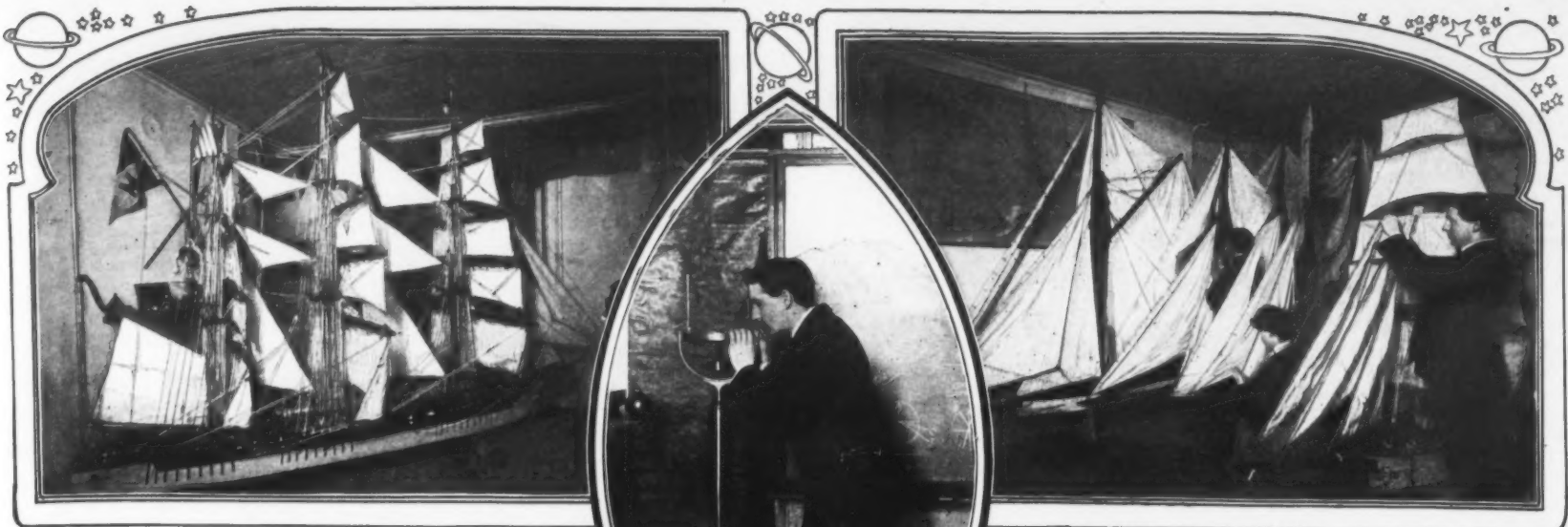
captain. A woman who now pilots a boat on the Mississippi River was the first to be granted a license. Miss Susan de Forrest Day, daughter of the late Judge Day, was the next to receive a certificate. A few months ago Miss Carrie B. Hunter, of Snow Hill, Md., was granted a pilot's papers by the Baltimore board of steamboat inspectors. Miss Day was a student at the Nautical College in 1897. After taking her diploma as navigator, she purchased a large merchant steamer and converted it into the yacht *Seythian*, in which she has sailed all over the world. Since taking out her license she navigates the boat herself, and is considered one of the most skillful women navigators in the world. Mrs. Howard Gould is the fourth woman to hold a master's license. Mrs. Goelet has but to apply to the government, for she is fully equipped to pass the examination, having mastered the mysteries of navigation at the same time as her husband, in the private class-room of the college.

The first yacht owner to study under Captain Patterson was Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry. Since that time he has had many distinguished followers, among them O. H. P. Belmont, Anson Phelps Stokes, J. Pierpont Morgan, Herbert L. Satterlee, Frederick Vander-



WHERE OUR NEXT PRESIDENT WILL BE NOMINATED.

SPACIOUS COLISEUM AT CHICAGO, MEETING PLACE OF THE COMING REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION, WHOSE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE WILL BE THEODORE ROOSEVELT.—Wright.



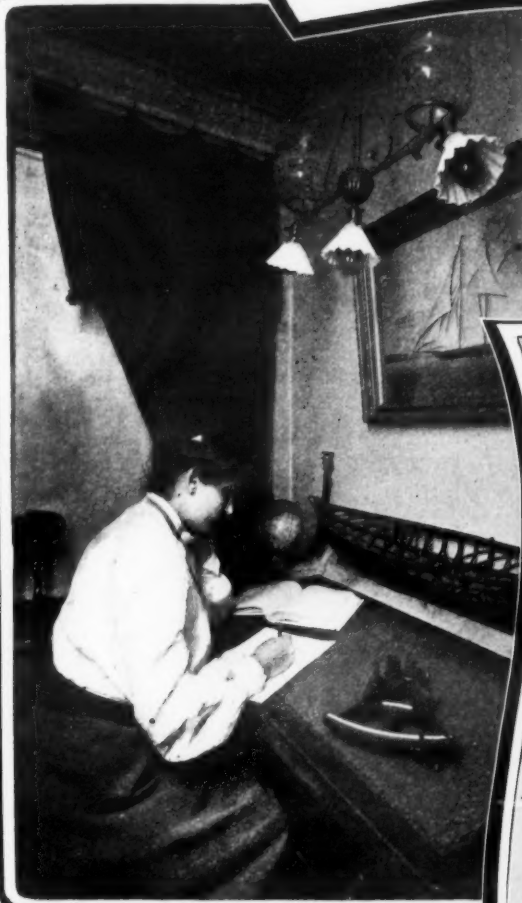
A \$5,000
MODEL EXHIBITED IN THE
YACHTING SCHOOL.

CLASS IN
SEAMANSHIP AT
WORK.

PUPIL TAKING A
BEARING.



STUDYING THE DETAILS OF CHART-SAILING.



SOLVING A PROBLEM IN
NAVIGATION.



LEARNING THE ART OF HANDLING THE ENGINE.



A LESSON IN MARLIN-SPIKE
WORK.

WHERE MILLIONAIRES MASTER THE YACHTSMAN'S ART.

SOCIETY MEN AND WOMEN TAUGHT AT THE NEW YORK NAUTICAL COLLEGE TO NAVIGATE THEIR OWN FINE CRAFT.

Photographs by Helen D. Van Eaton. See page 516.

∴ The American Commercial Invasion ∴

Continued from page 510.

satisfactory. Then came the day last June, just at the beginning of the sardine-fishing season, when the fickle Frenchmen announced that they were ready to throw over all other "rogue" for that from America. During my stop in Nantes, the centre of the sardine industry, I called upon Consul Ridgely, who said: "We'll surely capture the 'rogue' trade. Some New England cod fishermen have sent me some samples of the bait, and the Frenchmen hereabouts have declared it superior to all others. They will need this year more than 50,000 barrels of the bait, and as the New England fishermen offer it at a lower price than even Norway, a large order has been sent to Boston."

The fifth illustration of the favoritism shown Americans has to do with the whim of a single Frenchman, and yet his individual whim is typical of the national proneness to Americanism. Consul Jackson, at La Rochelle, told me that he had been asked by a French gentleman to place him in communication with an American who had a 200-ton steam yacht to sell. The consul accordingly advertised the fact in the consular reports issued by the United States State Department in February, 1903. A few months later the Frenchman had his yacht. Englishmen had offered him their boats, but he would have none of them. He insisted upon a boat that had been built in America, and would take no other. In the harbor of Marseilles, on my way to visit that very boat, I had an experience which I shall not forget. The yacht lay about midway between the shore and the Château d'If—the prison made famous in the novel, "Monte Cristo," in which the hero is thrown from the walls of the château, sewn in a bag, supposedly a dead man. I hired a boatman to row me out to the yacht, and as we pulled away from the quay I thought it a good opportunity to photograph the immense stacks of American merchandise that was there awaiting transportation. As I had my camera with me I began a fusillade of snap-shots. To my surprise a harbor launch, containing two men in uniform—gendarmes of the harbor, as I afterward learned—made a bee-line for my boat. Without a word of explanation they ran alongside and ordered me to step into their boat.

"Why?" I asked.

"Get in, monsieur," was all they would say. They steamed back to the quay, and there peremptorily ordered me to come with them to the commissioner of police. Once in the presence of that august official, I was told that one should know better than to photograph fortifications where such a proceeding is forbidden. I protested that I didn't care a rap for their fortresses—that I was merely photographing the merchandise which the French people were good enough to buy of my country, and which lay on the quay. The

commissioner smiled politely, but incredulously. The upshot of the matter was that I was confined alone in a bare room for five hours, when at last the United States consul appeared in my behalf and vouched for my innocence. But I never saw that camera again. "What's the use of keeping my camera?" I said. "I'll simply buy another in Paris." "But the plates—what you call the films—monsieur." And that settled the matter.

A sixth illustration of the success of the American invasion is the most amazing of all. In a shop in the Avenue de l'Opéra I read this sign: "American Silks, Embroideries, and Ribbons." Now, the sale of Paterson silks in Paris is as amazing as would be the sale of Milwaukee beer in Berlin. Yet here was the incontestable fact—the Parisians actually were buying Paterson silks. Upon investigation I found that even Frenchmen agree in the belief that the United States is destined to gain the supremacy over France in the silk industry, just as France gained the supremacy over Italy. I learned further that French manufacturers are already realizing the danger, and that some have even gone so far as to remove their plants to the United States to take advantage of our better industrial conditions.

Thus in all the big cities of the republic I saw evidences of the popularity of the fad of Americanism. In Nice I rode in American trolley-cars over American rails, this electric traction system being operated by an American concern—the Thomson-Houston Company. At Limoges I visited outlying farms that were operated entirely by American farm machinery, and dairies similarly equipped. At Nice the people drove to Monte Carlo in American carriages, the horses wearing American harness. At Liège American shot-guns and rifles were shown to me in three different shops. At Lyons, where I visited the great silk mills, I found the workmen making packing-boxes, the very boxes in which silks are packed for shipment to New York, of American planed boards. In every factory I found American labor-saving tools, and in half the offices I saw American typewriters. At all ports I watched the unloading of cargoes of American coal, and a French merchant told me that his countrymen are convinced that the United States is about to supplant Great Britain in the European coal market as the chief purveyor of that fuel. On the railroad on which I traveled from Paris to Orleans, American coal was used exclusively. In Paris I saw no end of American bicycles, and many of the French cycles were equipped with American tires. At my Paris hotel I noticed that the window fastenings and door handles were supplied by a firm in Connecticut. In a little hotel in Dijon I was served with sweet-potatoes from North Carolina, these being actually among the first sweet-potatoes used in France. Refrigerated American beef could be had in any first-class

restaurant. The elevator that carried me up stairs at the hotel in Paris was from a New York maker, and the electric fans in the dining-room were imported from that self-same American city. Is it a wonder that I was exasperated?

Now, how is it that we are thus easily capturing the Frenchman and his francs? First of all, our manufacturers are wise enough to send commercial travelers into France with samples. Catalogues are sent ahead of the agent—beautiful catalogues in French, with the prices given in francs, not in dollars, and with weights and measures given in the metric system, not in pounds as we know pounds, and not in miles as we know miles. Second, our manufacturers are giving young men a business training in France. For our manufacturers understand that it is just as important that their representatives in that country shall be acquainted with French business methods as with the French language. These young Americans come to Paris and obtain positions in the large importing houses for a period of from six months to two years. The salary is small, to be sure, but it is enough to pay their board, and after they have graduated, as it were, they can demand good salaries from American concerns. To get at the real reason of our success in France we must go still deeper and understand that it is not *because* of conditions, but *despite* them. As a matter of fact, every single article coming into France from America, excepting the few articles included in the reciprocity treaty of 1898, is charged the maximum tariff rate. In other words, enormous duties are levied on American articles in contradistinction to the more favored nations, so that every commercial nation, except the United States, obtains the benefit of the minimum tariff rates of France.

How, then, do we manage to get such a foothold? Here is the answer in a nutshell: First, we supply a better grade of goods at a lower cost than French manufacturers can meet, and behind that still is the prevailing fad. But it is in that fad that lies the great danger to the continuance of our commercial footing in France. The French manufacturer, intrenched, as he believes, behind a high tariff on American products, smiles indulgently at our incoming goods, supposing that we are losing money and will soon give up the invasion. When the French manufacturer wakes up to the real situation then we must look out. Above all, the French are fickle. In their fickleness they may at any moment drop the fad of Americanism as they drop fads in fashion. Every consul to whom I broached this subject replied with words to this effect: "Before the manufacturers wake up, the people will have learned that we can beat their own home products in quality and price, and then the manufacturers might just as well have remained asleep."

∴ ∴ Vanished Millions ∴ ∴

Continued from page 514.

"The other night I was eating my lunch. I felt 'Sennacherib' rub up against my leg. As soon as I noticed him he sprang into my lap and presently had his 'snack' with me. But he seemed to be unusually uneasy. He continually jumped from my knee and walked cautiously toward a corner of the corridor, then jumped back again, repeating his action time and again. Rats, I thought, and presently I got up and went to the spot that seemed to be attracting him. There was no more sign of a rat there than there could be on the inside of a Krupp gun. I started back to my chair, but as I took the first step there came to my ear a subdued sound such as I never before heard in my life. I cannot tell you what it was like. Not like the gnawing of a mouse and yet like it; like the dropping of water at a distance—scarcely perceptible and yet unmistakable. I immediately signaled the major, and felt more at ease when I heard his quick, nervous footsteps from the far corridor coming nearer and nearer.

"He was very doubtful about the sounds. They were not apparent to him. At first he was inclined to laugh at me, but finally appeared to grow concerned and serious and called two other guards, one of whom he left at my post, and the other three of us started to explore. We passed down the long stone stairway, 'Sennacherib' following along, his stump of a tail sticking straight up in the air, and finally we stood before the great triply-locked and bolted steel doors of the vault. A guard sat on either side of them.

"Except for the movement and the unusual bustle we ourselves made, the grave could not have been more silent and noiseless. One could have heard the scratching of a pin.

"There had not been the slightest sound to break the stillness of the long night, was the united reply made to the major's question to the guards.

"We made a thorough examination of all the surroundings of the spot, and we listened with an intense born of our anxiety, but nothing came to our ears. If there was absolute quiet anywhere, it was there."

The speaker ceased, and his companions breathed more freely than they had as he talked, while the waiter, who had been almost leaning over the table, slowly raised himself to an erect position, his mouth shutting so closely that his lips made but one straight line.

"For three or four nights," concluded the man, "I could hear, but faintly, the peculiar noises. I re-

ported the matter each time to the major. He only said to me: 'Never mind. It will all be attended to. Your imagination is pretty strong, and you have a great hearing.' I distinctly saw him, as I turned away, look at another one of the guards, with whom he was talking, and with a significant smile touch his forehead with one of his forefingers. I understood, too, that the vaults were thoroughly examined—turned inside out, as you might say—and nothing was discovered to excite the slightest suspicion.

"And after that I never heard the noises again—neither did 'Sennacherib.'"

ONE MORNING.

THERE were, as yet, no signs of the coming day so far as the light was concerned, although all through the streets of the city there were some sounds and sights of activity. The one-horse covered wagon stood at the rear door of the lunch-room, and, for some time, men were coming and going from within, bearing bundles and boxes and bags. There seemed to be no undue haste, but they all moved quickly and silently, and soon, either because they had taken out all that they wanted to remove, or the vehicle was fully loaded, it was ready to start. The driver got up in front, the visor of his cap pulled down so far as almost to hide his eyes, and a thick muffler or tippet wound around his neck, concealing the rest of his face. Two men got in on top of the load.

A man and a woman (the cook and the cashier) appeared in the doorway. He closed the door and locked it, putting the key in his pocket. She didn't seem to proceed very willingly, but looked back uneasily and asked, "Where's Herman?"

"I've told you three or four times," said the cook, sharply, "that he's gone on ahead."

It was by considerable urging that he persuaded her to enter the wagon and seat herself by the driver. After they had started she reached forth her head now and then and looked anxiously up and down the street.

"Keep your head in!" cried her companion, in gruff tones, and he pulled at her shoulder not very gently.

Neither she nor he heard one of the men inside mutter to the other one: "I guess he won't 'squeal' now."

Some eight or ten days before there had quietly come into a dock at the riverside a very graceful

steam yacht of about seven hundred tons burden, that by her trim lines had attracted the admiring attention of every one who came to that neighborhood. It was evident that she had been built for speed. She lay long and narrow in the water, suggesting swiftness, reminding one strongly of nothing so much as a feathered arrow.

Most of the time she had been leisurely taking in coal, and her steam was up at all hours of the day and night.

She was thought to be the pleasure yacht of some wealthy gentleman, for there were ladies aboard her; and there were constantly, even to a late hour of the night, much laughter, music, and merriment.

Many persons visited the boat from curiosity. They were always made welcome and had a free run of the craft, admiring and discussing her elaborate and expensive appointments.

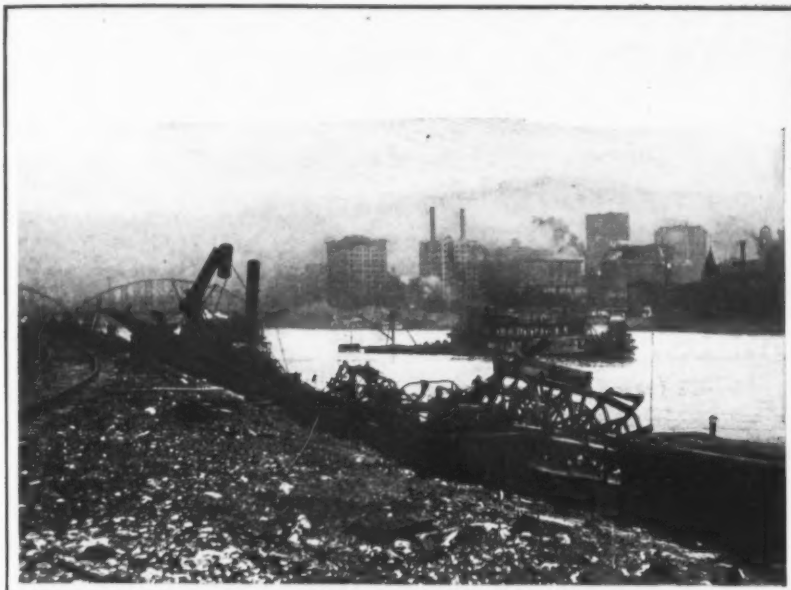
Up to the gang-plank of this craft backed the covered wagon. There were many hands to transfer its load, and there were a few orders, spoken in a low tone. One man, unseen, in the shadow of the cabin amidships, watched with a keen eye every movement about the wagon and every man engaged in transferring its load.

The driver pulled away from the dock and, going three or four squares, drove into a large wooden stable, where a man was waiting, to whom he handed some money, saying: "Here's your team. We're through now," he continued. "We've drawn our last load." Then he patted the horse on the neck. "Good old horse," he suggested. "He's done our work well. Here." He took a half-dollar from his pocket and handed it to the stableman. "Here, give the old fellow some extra oats." He patted the horse's neck again, then, turning, walked back to the yacht. He stepped across the gang-plank, and his feet had hardly left it when it was pulled aboard.

In a few moments the boat swung away from the dock and was dropping down the stream. There were a few faint signs of the morning in the east, but before the full day came the pretty craft had disappeared from view on the river, only a long stream of dense smoke miles away showing where she had been or might be.

A man thinly and poorly clad, with his hands deep in his pockets and his shoulders humped up with the chilly air, came shambling along the street at the head of the alley. His gaze was fixed on the ground. He

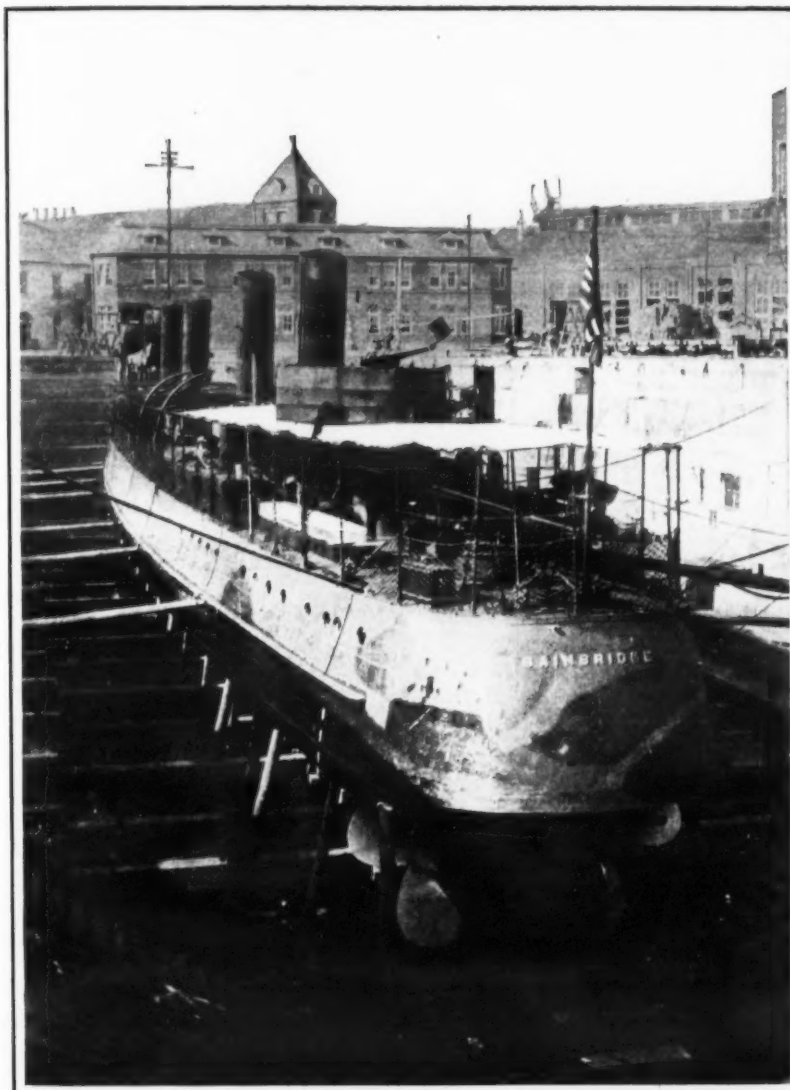
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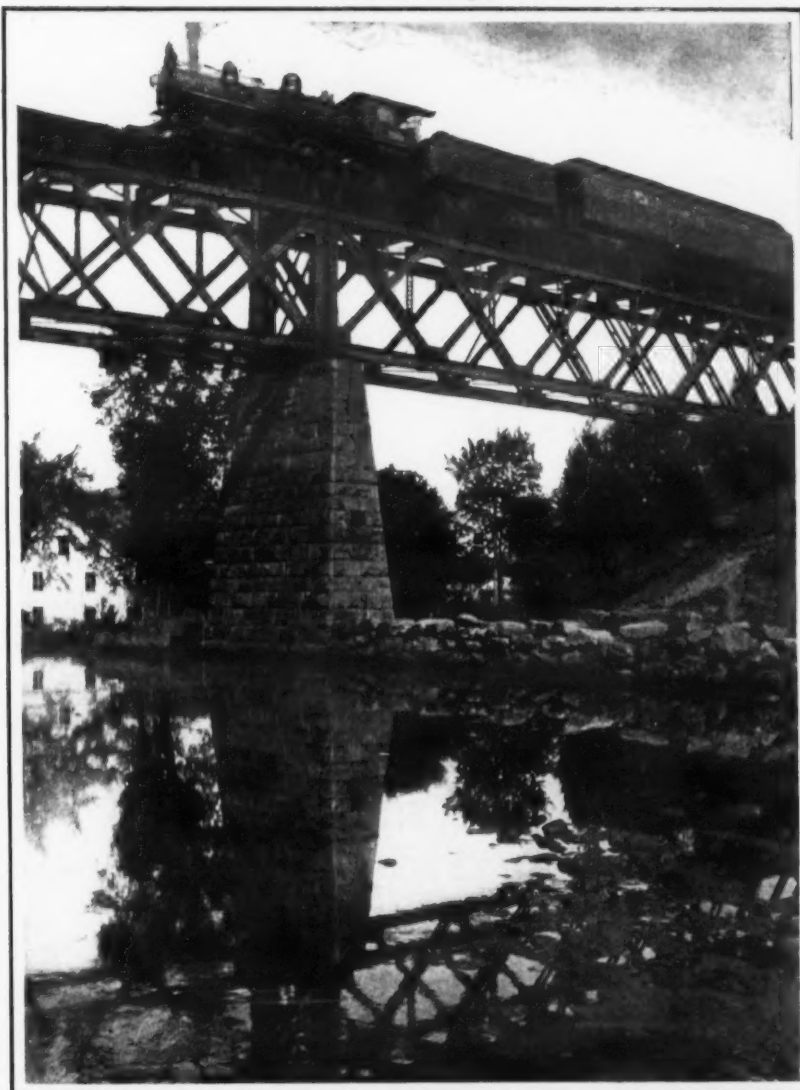
(PRIZE-WINNER.) WRECK OF A STEAMER BURNED AT PITTSBURG DURING A BIG FRESHET, THE FIREMEN BEING UNABLE TO REACH HER THROUGH THE FLOODED STREETS.
William E. Patterson, Pennsylvania.



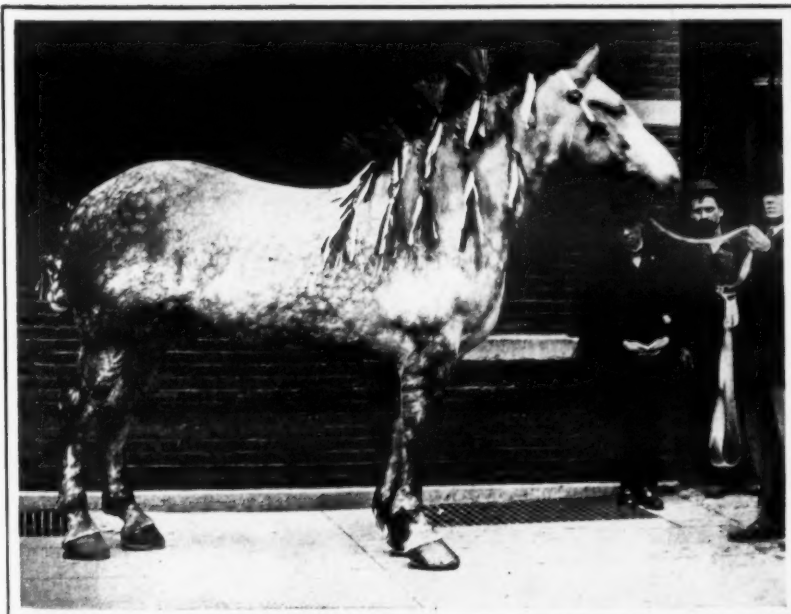
HOUSE WRECKED BY DYNAMITE CARELESSLY HANDLED—FARMER, BLOWN OUT THROUGH MARKED HOLE, AND A CHILD WERE KILLED, AND THREE OTHERS HURT.
Dorr Day, Michigan.



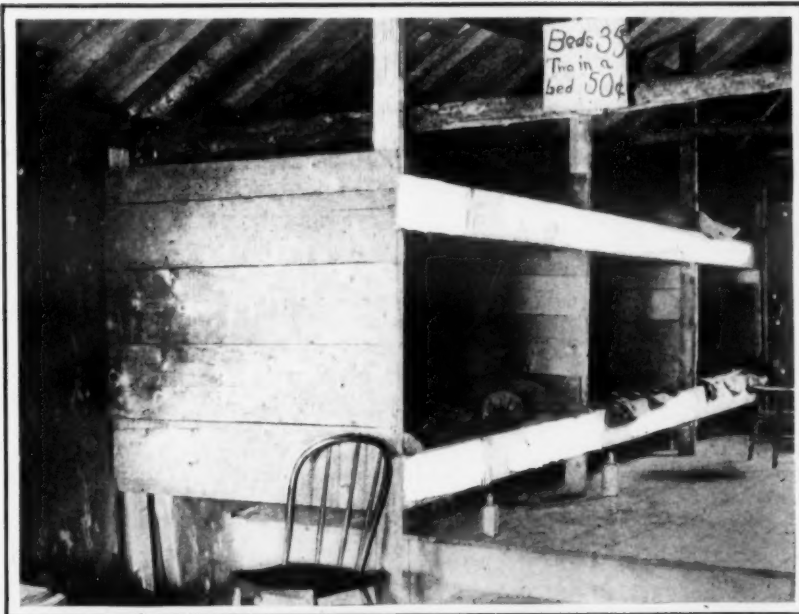
UNITED STATES TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "BAINBRIDGE" IN DRY-DOCK AT NORFOLK, VA.
R. T. Gleiser, United States Navy.



TRAIN IN MOTION ON A HIGH BRIDGE ON THE RUTLAND (VT.) RAILROAD.
G. H. Chase, Vermont.



LARGEST DRAY-HORSE IN THE WORLD—POMMERY SEC, WEIGHT 2,500 POUNDS, HEIGHT 19 HANDS, OWNED BY CHARLES GRAEF & CO., NEW YORK.—*W. H. Hale, New York.*



FINE SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS IN THE ONLY "HOTEL" IN A MUSHROOM TOWN IN COLORADO.—*J. H. Sherman, Colorado.*

AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTO. CONTEST—PENNSYLVANIA WINS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MUCH MERIT PRESENTED BY ARTISTS WHO AIM TO PORTRAY THE ODD AND UNUSUAL.

(SEE OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 527.)

In the World of Sports

By H. P. Burchell

A GRAND CIRCUIT IN REALITY.—The stewards of the Grand Trotting Circuit, who for over thirty years have been operating in name only, have at last organized themselves into a distinctive body, for the purpose, it is claimed, of placing harness racing on the highest possible plane, to prevent and detect fraud, and to work in harmony with the National and American trotting associations. They do not propose, according to D. J. Campau, of Detroit, who is primarily responsible for the new movement, to arrogate to themselves any of the power vested in the two parent bodies, but they hope, in conjunction with those associations, to eradicate the evils that have harassed harness racing for many years. Articles of incorporation for the Grand Circuit, which will comprise Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Empire City, Brighton Beach, Readville, Mass.; Providence, R. I.; Hartford, Conn.; Columbus, O.; Cincinnati, O., and Memphis, Tenn., were signed and executed in New York at a meeting of the stewards of the old Grand Trotting Circuit, and provide that the new organization will be bound by the laws of Michigan. The men elected to guide the affairs of the circuit for the first year are D. J. Campau, president; John E. Thayer, vice-president; Albert H. Moore, secretary. The office of treasurer was left vacant until the next meeting of the stewards. A committee, consisting of A. H. Moore, C. R. Bentley, of Buffalo, and D. J. Campau, was appointed to draw up the by-laws. It is proposed by the Grand Circuit to recommend to the National Trotting Association and the American Trotting Association the appointment of one of three judges officiating at the various tracks in the big circuit. It is further proposed to have a representative at each meeting, whose special duty it will be to see that nothing in violation of the rules is attempted. If he detects any objectionable feature in the racing he will report the matter to the judges of the meeting. If they fail to take action the secretary of the Grand Circuit will be notified, a meeting of the stewards will be called, and if the charges are sustained the accused will be punished. It is believed that the National Trotting Association and the American Trotting Association will approve the finding in such cases.

EVILS OF JOCKEY MANAGEMENT.—The management of the jockeys on the big Eastern race-tracks has always been a serious matter with horse owners and officials of the various jockey clubs. The great racing establishments escape much of the annoyance, through the fact that the wealthy owners of horses usually engage their riders by the year, and by the payment of big retaining fees, and liberal allowances for winning and losing mounts, establish claims to the service of the riders that cannot be disputed. Even under this arrangement some of the wealthy patrons of the Eastern turf have been subjected to great annoyance by the parents or guardians of the successful jockeys. A notable instance of this character was furnished a year ago, when the father of a popular light-



NAVAL ACADEMY BOAT CREW OUT FOR PRACTICE ON THE SEVERN RIVER, AT ANNAPOLIS, MD.—Mrs. C. R. Miller.

weight rider took offense at the action of the trainer of the stable in giving one of the stable mounts to another popular light-weight. The father made charges of irregular practice by the trainer, and one of the turf scandals of the year developed, for no other reason



TWO EXPERT BALL-PLAYERS—MORGAN (AT LEFT), CAPTAIN, AND APPERIOUS (AT RIGHT), BEST BATTER OF GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY NINE.—Mrs. C. R. Miller.

than that the disgruntled man lost an opportunity to profit by betting on the race in which the outside jockey instead of his son had the mount on the winner. The result was that the son lost a valuable contract, and

the father was required to retract his charges before he was restored to the privilege of "managing" his son again. In another instance the owner of a racing stable of international fame was forced by want of a capable rider to accept what was in effect a second call on a successful rider, whose "manager" was one of the most conspicuous professional bettors in the country. The "manager" held a contract on the jockey and had first call on the boy's serv-

ice. The same professional bettor practically made all the rider's engagements for outside mounts, and so many irregular happenings followed and so much scandal surrounded the pair that there was not the least surprise when the wealthy turfman, who paid a big fee for a second call on the rider, suddenly, and without explanation, released the boy. It has been proposed that there shall be an official appointed by the Jockey Club who shall have general charge of the jockeys, and shall supervise all contracts that they may make.

FRENCH CRITICISM STRIKES A SNAG.—Adverse French criticism of William P. Foss, the American amateur billiard player, and his methods is resented by those who know Foss and his dislike for anything other than good sport. It has been charged in certain French quarters that after his recent defeat in the world's championship match by Rerolle, Foss attempted to excuse his loss of the match and detract from Rerolle's victory. In a conversation I had with Foss on his return to this country he gave all credit to Rerolle, and in no way attempted to disparage the Frenchman's skill. Certainly he feels he can still defeat Rerolle, and he wouldn't be a good sportsman if he didn't have something of that spirit. But the following extract from my interview with him should show that he is not a poor loser: "My reception in Paris was all that a man could wish or ask for," said Foss. "I was somewhat nervous on the opening night of the contest, especially when Rerolle made his run of 129. The spectators were very generous to me, and I was able to steady down and take the lead on the opening night. But the thing that bothered me was the fact that I could not hold the balls for a balk-line nurse. Rerolle plays the open game in the most brilliant manner I have ever witnessed."

POLO IN GENERAL FAVOR.—The first public appearance of a Princeton polo team in competition in New York City recently, in a match played with the Squadron A team, revealed the great popularity of the game. The formidable array of automobiles, four-in-hands, and stylish traps presented a scene along the side

lines that can only be equaled at the local country clubs during their annual polo tournament or other events in which both sport and society are mingled. An increase of public interest is also noted elsewhere. Many of the so-called outsiders show a remarkable familiarity with the game, and they are often able to criticize both the good and bad plays nearly as well as the experts and contestants themselves.



CHIEF ATTRACTION OF PHILADELPHIA'S COACHING PARADE—MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT ON FRONT SEAT OF CONGRESSMAN DE V. MORRELL'S HANDSOME VEHICLE, WITH COUNTESS CASSINI, DAUGHTER OF THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR, (THIRD FIGURE) ON SECOND SEAT.

Peirce & Jones.



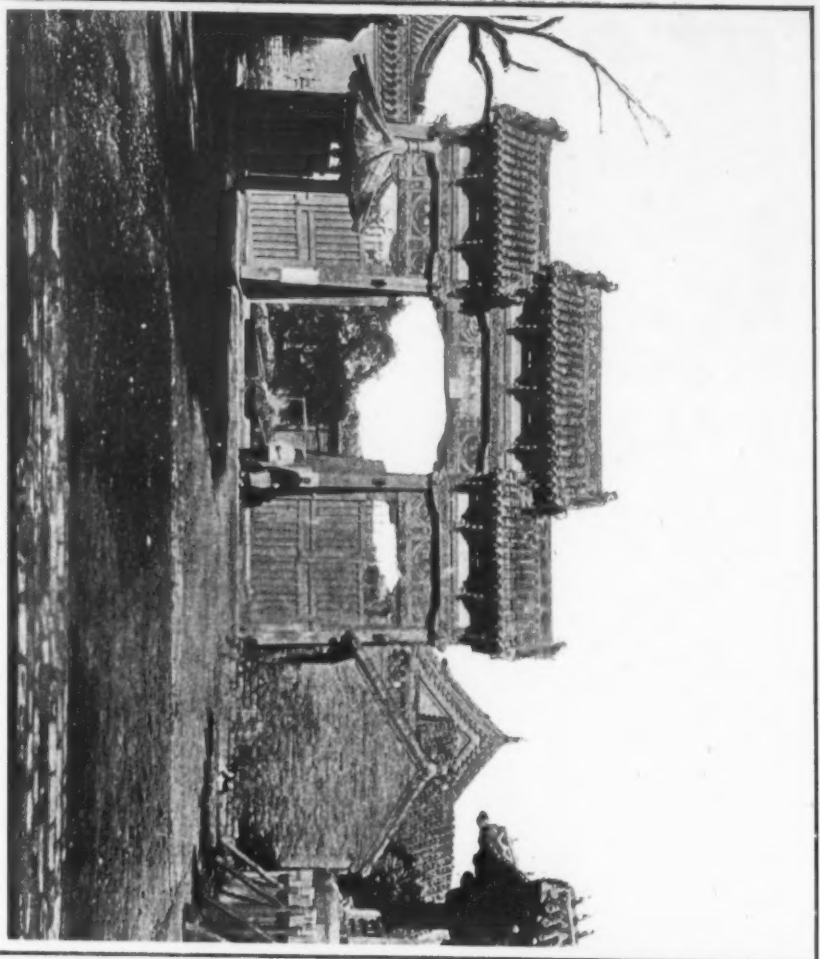
A SPEEDY MILER.

Captain Kellogg, of Michigan University, who made a splendid run at the Philadelphia relay carnival.—Earle.

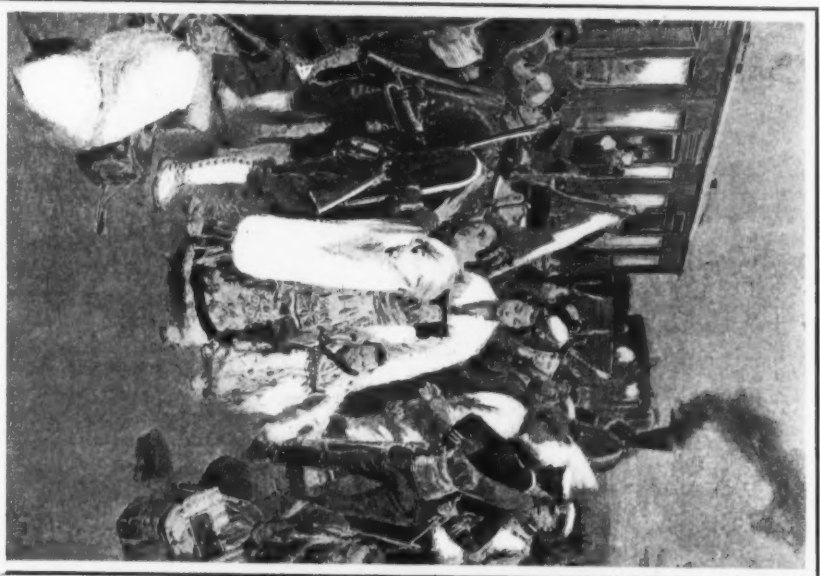


W. S. JOHNSTON,

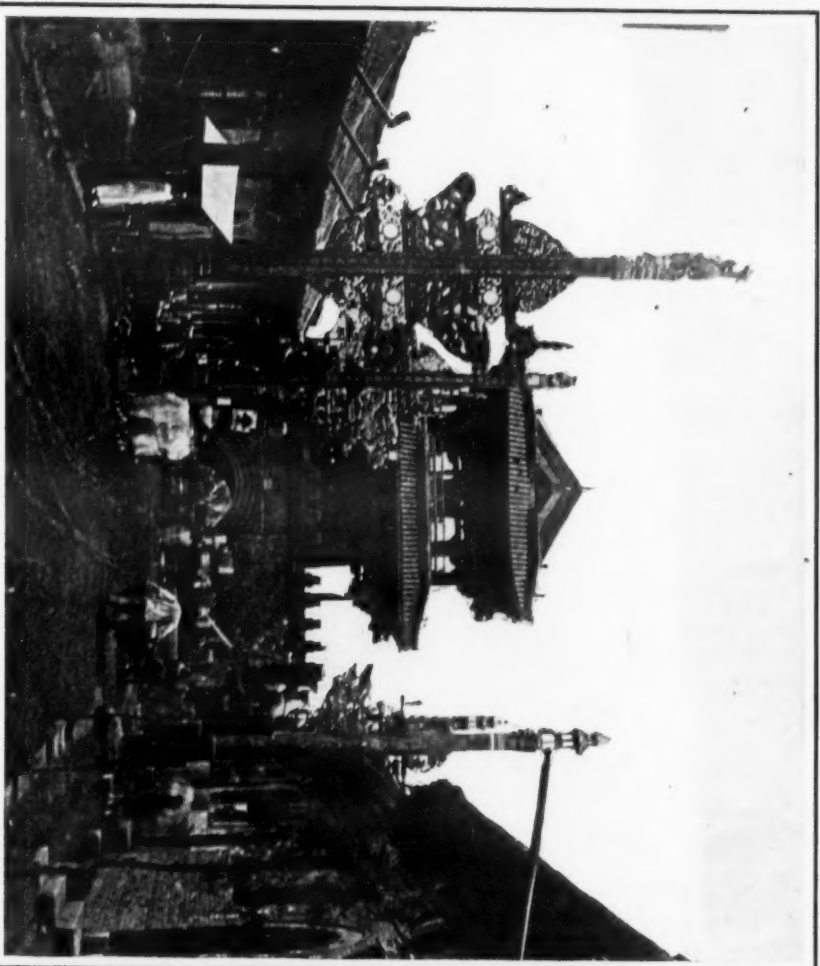
The phenomenal low hurdler, who is a member of the freshman class at Yale University.—Sedgwick.



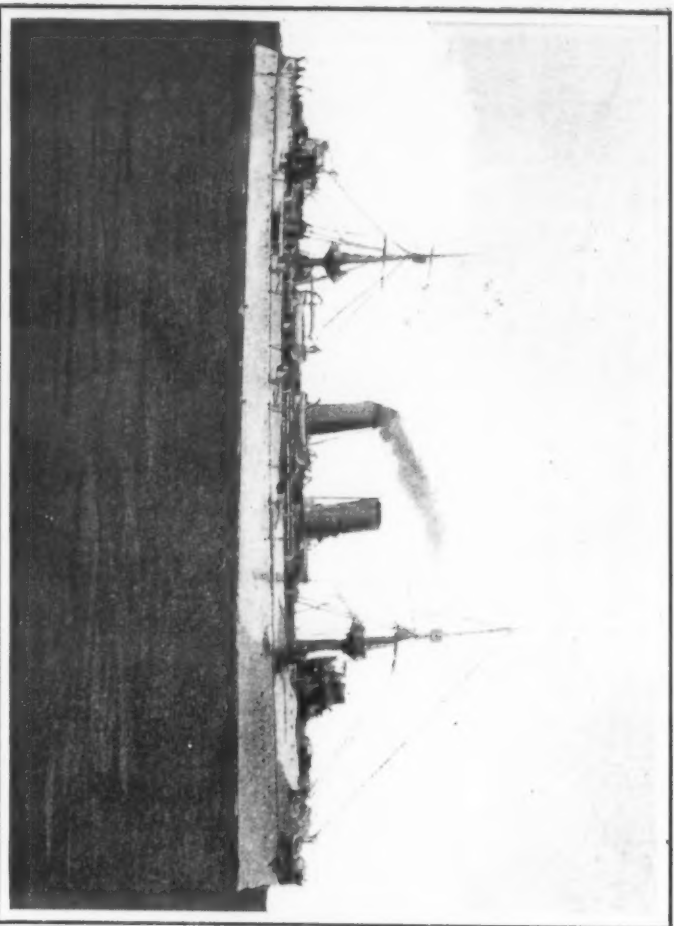
ONE OF THE QUAINT GATES OF MUDEN, AN IMPORTANT RUSSIAN MILITARY POINT IN MANCHURIA, WHERE THERE MAY BE DESPERATE FIGHTING



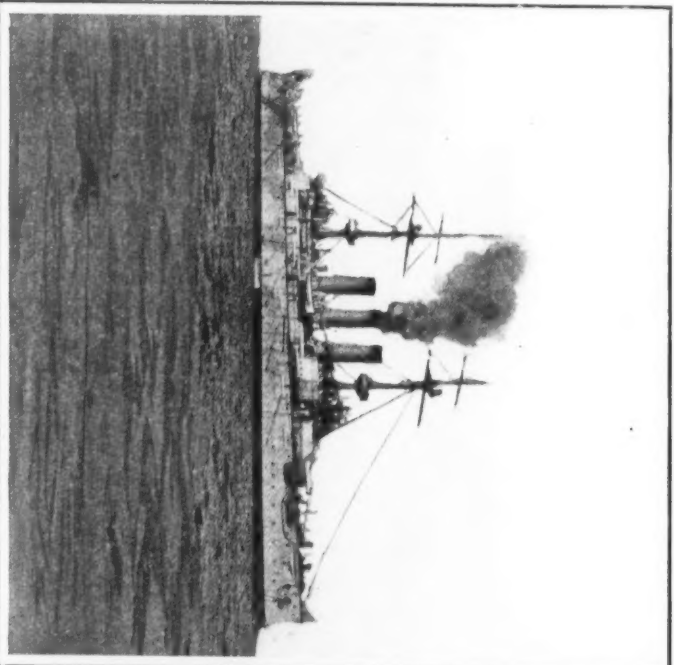
SOLDIERS IN A JAPANESE TOWN, ORDERED TO THE FRONT, BIDDING GOOD-BYE TO THEIR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS.



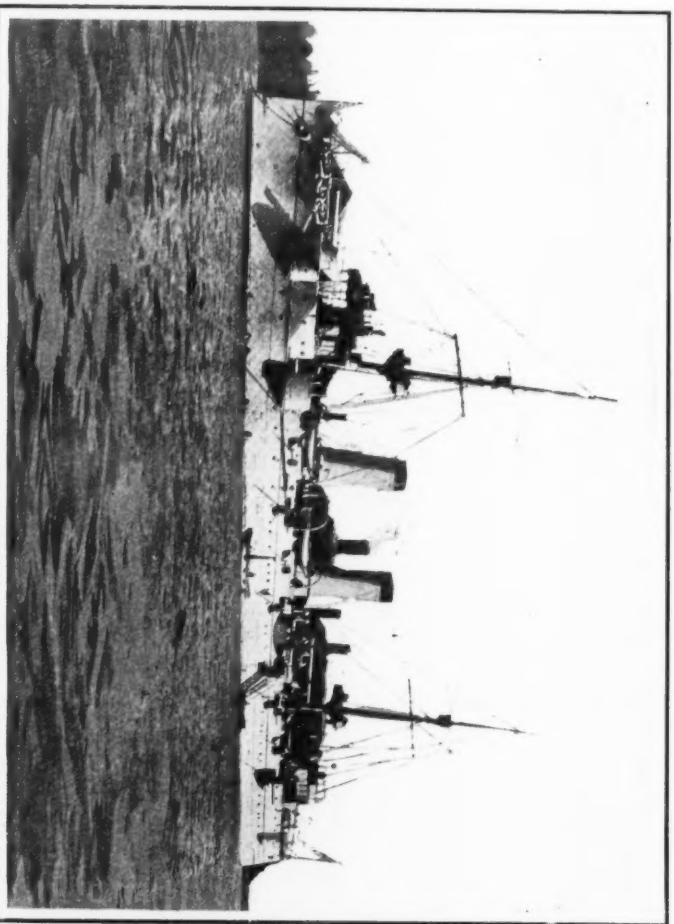
ODD STREET IN THE CITY OF MUDEN, PASSING THROUGH THE JOSE-HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND.



JAPANESE CRUISER "YOSHINO," SUNK NEAR PORT ARTHUR BY COLLISION WITH THE "KASUGA," WITH A LOSS OF 210 LIVES.



THE 15,000 TON JAPANESE BATTLE SHIP "HATSUSE," WHICH WAS BLOWN UP BY A RUSSIAN MINE OFF PORT ARTHUR, 450 LIVES BEING LOST.



CRUISER "KASUGA," WHICH ACCIDENTALLY RAN INTO AND SANK THE CRUISER "YOSHINO" DURING A DENSE FOG.

THE JAPANESE DISASTER IN THE WAR.
A RUSSIAN MINE BLOWS UP THEIR BIGGEST BATTLE-SHIP, AND THEY LOSE A CRUISER BY COLLISION.



Books and Authors

By L. A. Maynard

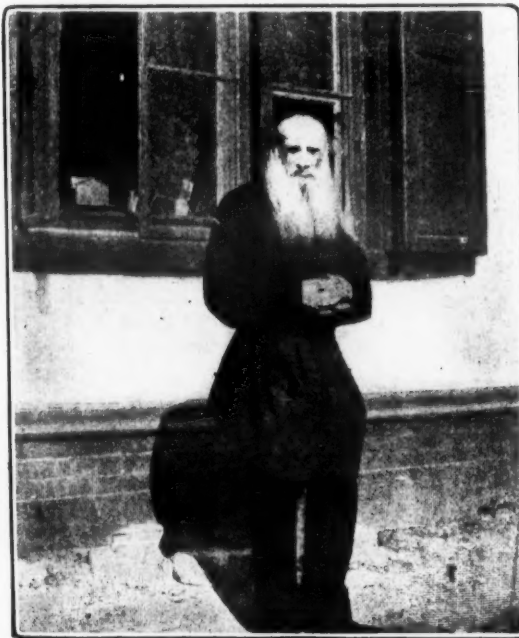
WERE IT NOT for the fact that such adjectives as "intense," "thrilling," and "soul-stirring" had been so long and so exclusively employed, and so often misused, in relation to works of fiction, we would not hesitate to use these terms—or some of them—to characterize the volume, "Man's Place in the Universe," by Professor Alfred Russel Wallace. For intense it is and soul-stirring in the truest sense and in the highest degree to those who bring to it the heart to feel and the mind to comprehend the immense reach and the wonderful significance of the propositions concerning the nature of man, his destiny, and his place in the created order which the writer seeks to establish. This does not mean that Professor Wallace has put forth any such wild absurdities, nor indulged in any such reckless iconoclasm, as were ascribed to him by hasty newspaper critics when some of the material embodied in this book first found its way into print. He does not undertake to turn the world back to the Ptolemaic theory of the universe, nor to promulgate any views, in fact, for which he does not apparently find express authority in the researches and conclusions of modern geologists, biologists, and astronomers. It is well to note, also, that when Professor Wallace undertakes to prove, as he does here, that this earth of ours is the centre of the universe, and that man is the only living and thinking being in that universe, he uses the word "universe" in its limited sense as applying to our stellar system only and not as embracing all created worlds and systems, visible and invisible. He distinctly and repeatedly disclaims all thought of putting a limit to infinitude, or of projecting his theories and speculations outside the sphere conceivably within the range of human study and research. Thus, in the conclusion of the chapter in which he presents the argument to prove the uniformity of matter and of natural law throughout the universe with the corollary that under these conditions the earth alone is fitted for the support of organic life, he expressly says: "We do not say that organic life *could* not exist under altogether diverse conditions from those which we know or can conceive, conditions which may prevail in other universes constructed quite differently from ours, where other substances replace the matter and ether of our universe, and where other laws prevail." In these words, and others like them elsewhere, Professor Wallace forestalls those who would charge him, as some superficial and hasty critics have actually done, with attempting to solve the unknowable and with limiting the sweep and power of the creative mind. With all his boldness, his originality and independence, Professor Wallace has all the modesty of the deep thinker and the genuine scientist that he is. The spirit in which he works and in which this volume is conceived is fairly illustrated in the lines quoted on the opening page:

The wilder'd mind is tost and lost,
O sea, in thy eternal tide;
The reeling brain essays in vain,
O stars, to grasp the vastness wide!
The terrible, tremendous scheme
That glimmers in each glancing light,
O night, O stars, too rudely jars
The finite with the infinite!

THE conclusions which Professor Wallace reaches in his volume, and to the support of which he brings such a wealth and range of scientific data, have much the same effect upon the mind as that produced by the philosophy of Emerson. This effect is to enlarge man's conception of himself, of his powers and capacities, and to impress upon him the immense significance of his life on earth, and the tremendous possibilities lying before him in the life to come. Such conceptions and impressions, rightly received, can only tend to the ennoblement of the mind that receives them, to heighten the dignity and sacredness of the human soul, to an increase of self-reverence, self-knowledge, and self-control, the three things which "alone lead life to sovereign power." Who can read, for example, such a chapter as the concluding one in this volume, where Professor Wallace sums up the argument in favor of his thesis, that this universe was made for the development and service of humanity, without being stirred to the depths of his soul and made to feel as, perhaps, never before, outside of the appeals of Holy Writ, how circumspect a being holding such relations ought to be, how sacredly he should guard and order the life to which all the stars of heaven have contributed their energy, and to the shaping of whose destiny all the universe swings on its way. The old theory, says Professor Wallace, that all the planets were inhabited, and that all the stars existed for the sake of other planets, which planets existed to develop life, would "introduce monotony into a universe whose grand character and teaching is endless diversity. It would imply that to produce the living soul in the

marvelous and glorious body of man—man with his faculties, his aspirations, his power for good and evil—that this was an easy matter which could be brought about anywhere, in any world. It would imply that man is an animal and nothing more, is of no importance in the universe, needed no great preparations for his advent, only, perhaps, a second-rate demon and a third or fourth-rate earth. Looking at the long and slow and complex growth of nature that preceded his appearance, the immensity of the stellar universe with its thousand million suns, and the vast aeons of time during which it has been developing—all these seem only the appropriate and harmonious surroundings, the necessary supply of material, the sufficiently spacious workshop for the production of that planet which was to produce, first, the organic world, and then, man." These, be it noted, are not the words of a preacher, but of one of the greatest of living scientists, the co-discoverer with Darwin of the law of natural selection; a man of deeply reverent mind, it is true, and a believer in revealed religion, but nevertheless a scientist first of all, and in this volume concerned only with the establishment of a theory concerning man resting on a purely scientific basis.

THE REPORT that Count Tolstoi has sent 1,000 volumes of his writings for distribution among the Russian soldiers in the far East depends for its interest and significance very much upon the particular character of the books donated. If they are books in which Tolstoi appears in his rôle of a master of fiction they will serve a truly worthy purpose in whiling away some otherwise inexpressibly dull and lonely hours of camp life, and may, perhaps, ward off from some poor fellows on the distant Manchurian plains a severe attack of nostalgia. If, on the other hand, they reflect Tolstoi's views as they have been conveyed to the English-speaking public through Mr. Ernest H. Crosby's translations, they might instruct the Russian soldiery only too well for the purposes which the latter have immediately in hand. It would be idle, of course, to seriously assume that Russian officials would permit the daring philosopher to openly invade the ranks of their army with his non-resistant literature, which might, indeed, prove in some cases worse than a fire from the rear in the decimation of their fighting forces. Equally, if not more, prejudicial in its effects upon the minds of men in a Russian war camp would be the writings of that other great Russian economist and anti-war writer, the late Jean Bloch. In his remarkable work on "The Future of War," written some ten or more years ago, M. Bloch contended that because of certain financial, moral, and industrial conditions existing in Russia, that country would be likely to get worsted in the next great war in which it engaged, and he backed up his contentions with such a vast array of verifiable facts and figures that it is difficult to resist his conclusions. Neither such teachings nor those of Tolstoi on the inherent wickedness and needlessness of all war would be of a kind to nerve a man to the grim business of slaughtering his fellow-men.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF TOLSTOI, TAKEN AT MOSCOW BY HIS ELDEST SON, COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.—London Sketch.

WHILE THE war in the far East, with all its range of tremendous possibilities and ominous probabilities for the world at large, as well as for the nations immediately engaged, engrosses so large a share of public attention, certain events and tendencies making for peace and concord among men and nations running parallel with these wars and rumors of wars are no less notable in their way and equally significant in their bearing upon the civilization of the immediate future. We refer to the recent decision of The Hague tribunal in the Venezuela case, and to the numerous arbitration treaties between various nations recently concluded or in process of negotiation. The principle and method of arbitration have assumed so much prominence of late in the affairs of nations that it has become a matter of the first importance for all who would be intelligent concerning the latest and most hopeful phases of humane progress to betake themselves to the best obtainable literature on the subject of arbitration and the doctrines of peace. To those who desire to be abreast of the times on these vital questions of the hour the following books are earnestly commended: Frederick W. Holl's "The Peace Conference at The Hague," the best work extant on the genesis and history of this epoch-making congress; Dymond's "Essay on War," Ernest H. Crosby's "Tolstoi and His Message," Baroness von Suttner's "Lay Down Your Arms," Darby's "International Tribunals," and Benjamin F. Trueblood's "Federation of the World," the latter a small book summing up in a concise and authoritative way and in most admirable style and spirit the work of the past and the hopes of the future in the peace movement. All these books, where not obtainable in public libraries, can be had through the American Peace Society of Boston, where also may be found a great variety of other books, leaflets, and pamphlets dealing with every phase of peace and international arbitration.

OF THE utmost value and importance in this connection also are the publications of the International Union, an organization formed a year or two ago in Boston for the specific purpose of publishing and distributing the best and most authoritative peace literature of the past and present. Three volumes have already been published by the union, each indispensable to the student. They are M. Bloch's "The Future of War," the most remarkable work of the kind ever given to the world; William Ellery Channing's "Discourses on War," and Charles Sumner's "Addresses on War." Through the wise beneficence and public spirit of Mr. Edwin Ginn, a prominent citizen of Boston, who is also an ardent friend of peace, the International Union is enabled to offer the three books it has published, and others which are forthcoming, at the bare cost of publication. All the publications of the union are edited by Mr. Edwin D. Mead, and each of the three books already issued is furnished with an introduction by Mr. Mead as valuable to the student as the main subject matter itself.

THE KANSAS land craze which reached its culmination in 1885 and later, strewed the Sunflower State with the wrecks of burst booms, with railroad centres that failed to centre, and city "annexes" that failed to annex anything except mortgages—all these things supply life and color to John H. Whitson's latest novel and also its suggestive title, "The Rainbow Chasers" (Little, Brown & Co.). Mr. Whitson was one of the chasers himself, and his story derives its interest and piquancy partly from the fact that it is based largely upon his own observations and experiences. We happened to be in Kansas for a season during those rainbow days, trying to find out for a New York paper whether prohibition really prohibited, and can testify from personal observation to the fidelity of some of Mr. Whitson's character sketches. His Dick Brewster, the cowboy and land speculator, might have been found on the streets of Wichita almost any day in those halcyon years, when everybody was getting rich—on paper.

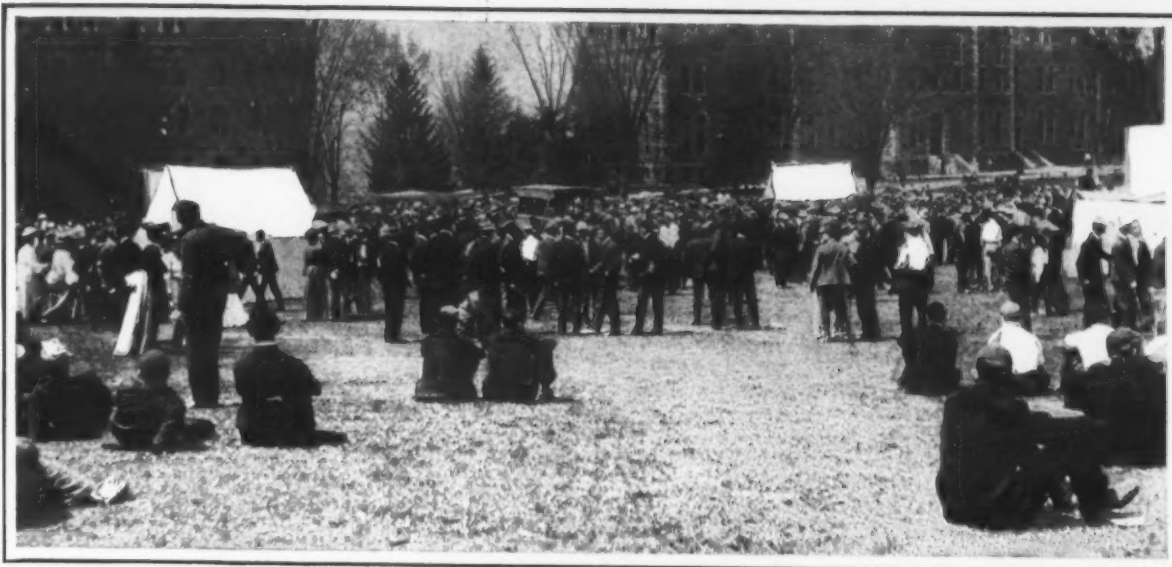
Summer Weariness.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

relieves the languor, exhaustion, and nervousness of summer. It strengthens and invigorates permanently.

The Mother's Friend

when nature's supply fails, is Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It is a cow's milk adapted to infants, according to the highest scientific methods. An infant fed on Eagle Brand will show a steady gain in weight.



CROWD ENJOYING THE NOVEL PERFORMANCES.
Matthews.



STRANGE "NATURAL" FREAK—A SPRING-DAY
EXHIBIT.—*Matthews.*



BARKER PROCLAIMING THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE
SHOW.—*Matthews.*



CIRCUS-LIKE APPEARANCE OF THE GROUNDS.
Morgan.



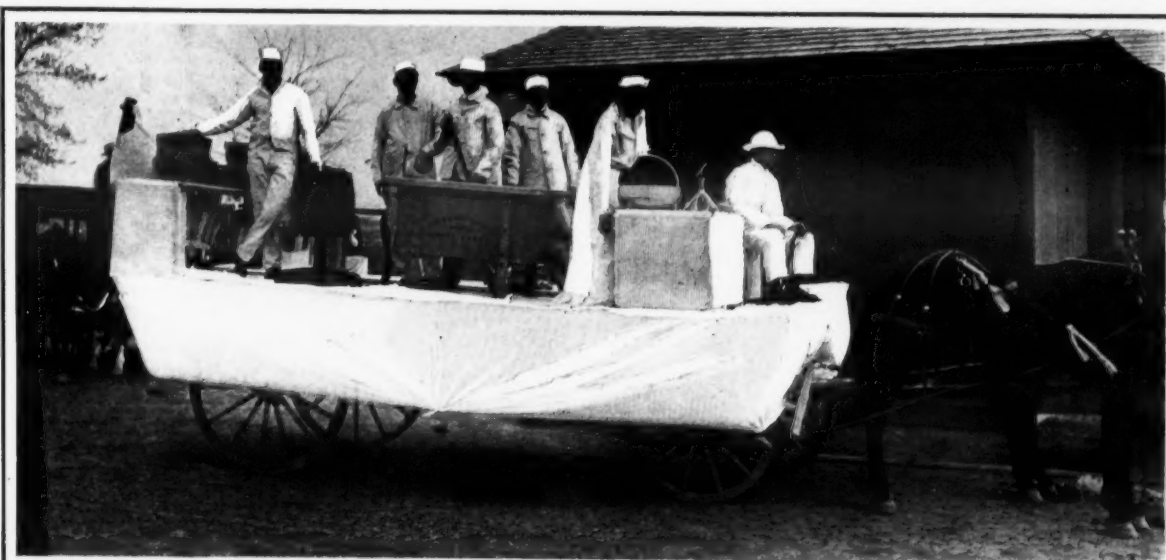
THE MYSTERY IN THE GREAT MZUPI TENT UNVEILED.—*Matthews.*



ONE OF THE BEAU BRUMMELS.—*Matthews.*



SPRING-DAY BRINGS OUT A BEAUTIFUL "PEASANT
GIRL."—*Matthews.*



DAIRY FLOAT IN THE PARADE CELEBRATING THE SIGNING OF THE AGRICULTURE SCHOOL BILL BY GOVERNOR ODELL.
Morgan.

HOURS OF FUN AND FROLIC AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

STUDENTS ENGAGE IN CURIOUS SPRING-DAY FESTIVITIES AND CELEBRATE A MONEY GRANT TO THE SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE.



WHERE THE DEMOCRATS WILL NAME A CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

EXPOSITION BUILDING AND COLISEUM AT ST. LOUIS IN WHICH THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION WILL MEET ON JULY 6TH.—Stark.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests. Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, at regular subscription rates, namely, \$4 per annum, are placed on a preferred list, entitling them to the early delivery of the papers, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. Address "Jasper," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

IT IS no secret that the money situation is disquieting. Quoted interest rates are low, but they are not available for heavy borrowers of large amounts, especially among industrial and railway corporations, no matter how good the credit of the latter may be. This clearly indicates that the cheapness of the published money rate is largely fictitious. It is like the price often made on the curb for stocks which promoters seek to unload. Not infrequently the same game is played on the regular exchanges.

Those who have large amounts of money at their disposal are anxious to keep them under their control as long as the existing uncertainty continues. Every effort is being made by prominent leaders in the stock market, with the aid of paid financial writers, to cover up the real situation. The plain truth is—and the enormous and unprecedented loans of the New York banks prove it—that during the recent financial spree great promoting interests, some of them the greatest on this side of the Atlantic, if not in the world, borrowed to the very limit on collateral which was then supposed to be good, but which is to-day largely indigestible and unsalable.

The grave and inherent weakness of the situation has been disclosed more than once. Under existing conditions it is utterly impossible to inaugurate another strong, protracted, buying movement, because banks and trust companies are not in condition to permit such a thing. An upward movement with generous buying means a heavy demand for additional loaning accommodations, and this cannot be met under the existing strain. The influence of every conservative banker is therefore mainly directed to keeping the market on a quiet, easy level until the business outlook improves, or until some fortunate circumstance enables heavy borrowers to get rid of some of the great load of securities they are carrying. The

financial situation has not improved thus far this year. The business outlook certainly is not better. In nearly every line of manufactured goods a shrinkage of orders is reported, and in the one vitally important branch of our industrial employment—the iron trade—the outlook is really disquieting, in spite of the temporary quickening of the market a short time ago.

I have said many times that the pendulum swung too far on the bull side during the great boom, and that, according to all laws of trade and economics, it must swing quite as far the other way before we get through with our experience. Thus far we have had only a slow and moderate liquidation. Prices are nothing like what they were before the advance began. They may not go back to the old level, because this is a great and a growing country, and business has grown more rapidly than our railroad mileage, but I do not believe we have witnessed the lowest prices of the depression; and if the pressure on some financial institutions should grow so acute as to threaten the integrity of one or two of them, a very unfavorable condition of affairs, marking perhaps the climax of the decline, would follow.

Little is heard about such an eventuality, and financial writers generally scout the idea that it is possible. Nevertheless, the fear of such a calamity exists among thoughtful and experienced observers, and this has much to do, in my judgment, with the hesitation of banking interests to part too freely and for too long a time with their accumulated cash resources. I need not add that the mere fact that such financial disquiet exists, if it were talked about in public, would give the bears their best opportunity to plan an effective campaign, the final effect of which would be to precipitate the panic, which every one is anxious to avert. I sound no undue note of alarm when I speak thus plainly of a situation which threatens danger to those who are most vociferous in denying its existence, largely because they are most responsible for its creation.

It is the general belief that if the market can be carried through the spring and summer, and safely beyond the presidential election, without grave disturbance from such causes as bad crops or

a political revolution at the presidential election, the outlook in the fall will improve. No one can predict the future with absolute certainty, but the skillful mariner readily discovers when the weather is thick and threatening, and prepares for the expected storm, hoping always that favoring winds will come up to disperse the clouds and reveal the sunshine.

The fight that Lawson, of Boston, is making against the Standard Oil crowd is something not to be laughed at, if honestly and sincerely intended, as Lawson claims it to be. There is no concealing the fact that the public is highly wrought up over the gross impositions practiced upon it by men of fame and fortune in the financial world. The summary way in which Whitaker Wright, the companion of royalty, the associate of philanthropists, and the daring leader of speculation in London, was dragged into court, convicted, and saved from imprisonment only by the violence of his own hand, has stimulated the thirst for revenge on both sides of the Atlantic. In London especially, where the public is less tolerant of imposition than it is here, it is seeking the punishment of its spoilers. Recently a cablegram announced the arrest of Hooley, the promoter who, in 1897, was the talk of London. He was the great organizer of speculative industrial combinations, and was rated at \$20,000,000. Now he is under arrest on a charge of conspiracy to defraud, made by one of his victims.

Public sentiment in this country against those who have recently enriched themselves enormously by operations in Wall Street is unmistakably growing on all sides. It simply wants a leader to make itself strongly manifest, and its power, backed by the strength which manhood suffrage gives to the masses in the United States, will overcome every obstacle that money can pile up, either in the courts, in the Legislatures, or in Congress itself. The magnates of Wall Street are shortsighted if they do not perceive the great danger which they have invited by their flagrant disregard of the truth, by their indifference to the law, and their disregard of the equities. They have aroused a spirit of socialism and stirred up the satanic forces of anarchy by their utter indifference to everything

but their own selfish interests. The late Jay Gould, at the time of the great Western Union strike, reminded me of the prophecy of Macaulay that this republic would first meet the test of its stability when, with increasing population and decreasing wages, the discontented masses would find it in their power, by the control of the ballot, to proclaim their authority. Fortunately, that day has not arrived, but there are those who see signs of its approach in the candidacy of an avowed socialist and money-hater—though himself reared in the lap of wealth and luxury—for the presidency of the United States. The grotesque vision of to-day may be the sad realization of the morrow. Meanwhile, upon whom will the public first revenge itself for the wrongs it has suffered during the financial debauch now happily ended?

"A. J.," Cincinnati: Do not find you on my preferred list. Read note at head of my department.

"J. W. R.," Philadelphia: Do not find you on my preferred list.

"N.," Lead: One dollar received. You are on my preferred list for three months. 1. Any concern that offers to pay 5 per cent. monthly may be set down among the get-rich-quick concerns, and you know what that means. Some time ago E. J. Arnold & Co., a St. Louis concern, was promising, and kept the promise for a short time, enormous dividends to depositors. I warned my readers against the concern, and several of them denounced my criticism, and said they had received their dividends regularly. Suddenly it went to the wall, and the receiver now announces that depositors will receive two cents on the dollar! 2. It has yet to demonstrate its commercial success. Better put your money in a safe investment.

"T.," Homestead, Penn.: Two dollars received and preference continued for six months. 1. It is difficult to recommend because those who are of the highest standing do not like to deal in such small lots on narrow margins. It would be wiser to buy less and maintain a good margin and deal with parties of undoubted credit and stability. 2. Watson & Alpers, 55 Broadway, have been regarded as among the best. 3. Amer. Ice must depend for its future upon the earning possibilities of this summer, with which the weather will have much to do. Amalgamated Copper, paying 2 per cent., would be dear at going prices, but there is always the possibility of increased dividends, and around 46 it has usually been regarded as a safe purchase for a turn. Steel preferred will no doubt continue to pay, for a while at least, dividends of not less than 4 per cent. For this reason it is also regarded as a fair speculation when it drops much under 50. Union Pacific common around 79 is not unattractive for a 4 per cent. stock earning much more than its dividends. If any one knew what was to be the future of Southern Pacific, so far as the dividend payments are concerned, he could advise with safety regarding the stock, but at 42 it would seem to have speculative merits, at least for a turn. The same might be said for St. Paul common at 137, Penn. at 111, B. and O. at 74, and even of Wabash preferred at 32, but manipulation in the Wabash shares of late has prejudiced me against them. It would not surprise me if you could get most of these stocks at the prices you name before election day. 4. I fear you will have to take your share of what is left, but at all events I would keep in touch with the receiver, who has a good reputation.

Continued on page 525.

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 524.

"Miner," Westerly, R. I.: Unfavorable.
"B., Union Hill, N. J.: Preference continued for six months.
"A., Cloverdale, Cal.: Preference continued for three months.
"E. H. M., Cincinnati: I do not find you on my preferred list.
"L. W., Olean, N. Y.: I do not find your name on my preferred list.
"R., Orlando, Fla.: 1. I can get no rating. 2. Would not be in a hurry.
"H., Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.: Preference continued for three months.
"R., Salt Lake City: 1. Will hold the proxy and see if I can have it utilized. 2. No quotation on the Stock Exchange. 3. Greenwich Savings Bank, New York.

"O., Oxford, Conn.: I certainly would have nothing to do with either of the propositions. They are purely speculative, and not a very good speculation at that.

"B., Allentown, N. J.: Wabash preferred does not look cheap to me even at 35. The debenture B bonds, ahead of the preferred, are entitled to 6 per cent. interest before the preferred receives anything, and nothing has ever yet been paid on the debentures.

"Ajax," Salem, Mass.: You are on my preferred list for three months. Give *nom de plume* in each letter, as I keep no record of it. I am strongly inclined to the belief that most of the stocks on your list and probably all will sell at lower prices before election day.

"Canton": I have no relations at all with the parties and only know that their standing in the exchange appears to be good. Your local banker might get a rating through a mercantile agency. It would be well to have this if you are intrusting your funds to a stranger.

"W., New Haven, Conn.: When the assessment has been paid on Con. Lake Superior the stock will be quoted accordingly, namely, "asst. paid." The stock could hardly sell much lower, but it might be advisable to wait until the assessment has been paid and see how it will act.

"S., Toga: 1. In a market as treacherous as this, it is safer to keep on the outside than to get on the inside. I still believe that we have not reached the lowest level. Note special advices from week to week. 2. They appear to be doing considerable business, but I cannot obtain a rating.

"Invest," Boston: 1. Neither is regarded in any sense as an investment. 2. So common ranged last year from 42 to 79 1-2, and this year from 55 to 67. It seems to be reasonable whenever it reaches the lowest limit of the year, unless its earnings should show a much more serious loss than they have thus far.

"S., Hagerstown, Md.: Preferred for six months. 1. I doubt if I would make the exchange at present. Ont. and Western some day will be in demand, especially if the trust can be gotten rid of. 2. The outlook for Seaboard on the lines you suggest seems favorable, and it certainly has had its share of the decline.

"Union," Lynn, Mass.: Preferred for three months. An effort has been made of late by speculative interests to advance the price of Louisville and Nashville and to show that it is worth as much as St. Paul common. It sold last year as low as 95 and this year as low as 101. Around par it would seem to be a purchase.

"H., Brooklyn: 1. No one knows what American Sugar is earning. I mean no one on the outside. It is very strong on the report that earnings justify increased dividends. It is a dangerous stock to sell short. I am inclined to believe that you may cover all right on your St. Paul before election day. 2. I can get no rating.

"C., Dayton, O.: As I have said before, the condition of Box Board is not favorable. It needs working capital. The water in it ought to be squeezed out, and there is talk of reorganization. At the same time the preferred could hardly sell much lower, but a reorganization will mean an assessment. Its recent fire loss was \$350,000.

"W., Richmond, Va.: 1. From the investment standpoint, the change would seem advisable. 2. About 142 and pays 7 per cent. 3. Norfolk and Western common ranged last year from 54 to 76, and this year from 54 to 63. The depression in the iron and coal business is affecting its earnings and I do not regard it as a purchase.

"Mex., Burlington, Vt.: 1. I do not believe in the permanence of Mexican investments. The death of Diaz would precipitate grave trouble in Mexico, and possibly involve the country in a civil war. 2. The recent failure of the Mexico Commercial Company, a Delaware corporation, controlling a sugar plantation in Vera Cruz, is charged to mismanagement.

"A. J., Pennsylvania: 1. Among the best of the gilt-edged class I would include West Shore 4s, Adams Express 4s, around par, Atchison gen. 4s, the B. and O. gold 4s, C. C. C. and St. L. 4s, Long Island unified 4s, Northern Pacific 4s, Reading gen. 4s, Union Pacific first 4s, all selling not far from par and all well secured. 2. The short notes of the railroads which have been recently issued are all meritorious.

"Stable," Atlanta: 1. Those who do the sort of business you suggest are not the ones I would care to recommend. 2. I would wait until the report of the Mercantile Marine has been made public. One is said to be forthcoming. I am anxious to see if it verifies statements given me regarding this property some months ago and which were quite favorable. The action of the stock of late has not seemed to justify them.

"E., Charlotte, N. C.: 1. A liquidating market usually continues to manifest a declining tendency with an occasional halt and a little advance, until the lowest level is finally precipitated by some unexpected shock to the market, resulting in panicky conditions. 2. The iron trade is not improving. 3. Unfavorable. 4. On any severe and sudden drop the net should be a purchase for at least a temporary rise.

"S. O., New York: I cannot understand why Rock Island common should sell as high as it does. It certainly has no prospect of dividends, and it even has been deprived of voting power. There has been talk that this power will be restored. If so, the stock will have value. For speculation, Rock Island preferred offers better opportunities. For investment, I would touch neither. It will be observed that the New York Savings Banks Association advises against investing in the new Rock Island refunding 4s.

"Conservative": 1. I know of no better railroad stock for investment than Northwestern preferred, so far as safety is concerned. 2. For a trust fund I would prefer the West Shores to the Central Refunding 3 1-2s. 3. Another first-class investment railroad stock is Del. Lack. and Western. I believe that all shares, investment stocks included, are liable to sell lower unless the business depression proves to be temporary and unless the congestion of indigestible securities in our banks and trust companies is shortly relieved.

"Q. W., Fall River: I said long ago, when the business depression began to be apparent and when its effect on the railroads was foreshadowed, that all the railway equipment companies, including American Car and Foundry, Pressed Steel Car, and American Locomotive, would suffer a serious loss of business by reason of the demand for retrenchment on all railroads. For that reason I am inclined to believe that the common shares of all these companies must decline rather than advance.

"X. Y. Z., Poughkeepsie: Preferred for six months. 1. There is talk about a reorganization of Box Board, and that no doubt would involve possibilities of an assessment. I see nothing in the stocks you mention that is more attractive than Realty common, with the exception, possibly, of Ice, and the weather has been unfavorable to the latter

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thus far. 2. There is always danger, as I have frequently pointed out, that a reorganization may be foreshadowed by a severe fall in the shares of an industrial or railway property, a fall carrying them to the zero mark, or thereabouts.

"Con., Altoona, Penn.: 1. The reorganization plan for Con. Lake Superior contemplates an issue of bonds and stock, stockholders of the old company to receive shares in the new at the ratio of two shares of old preferred for one share of the new company, and four shares of the old common for one share of new stockholders of both common and preferred old stock to pay an assessment of \$3 a share on stock surrendered and to receive income bonds at par to the amount of the assessment paid. Suit has been brought to restrain the proposed reorganization. 2. It is impossible to predict the outcome of the plan.

"Business," Buffalo: 1. The fact that \$22,000,000 more was withdrawn from the savings banks of New York State during 1903 than was withdrawn during 1902 is strong evidence of hard times. 2. The clash over the control of Mexican Central between the Pierce interests, which are now in charge, and the New York bankers who seek to represent the bondholders does not make the stock look attractive even at present low prices. 3. The dissolution of the Steel bond syndicate is announced, but it is denied that the members sustained a loss. The Morgan crowd is usually able to look out for itself. It is the outsiders, not the insiders, who lose in all the games it plays.

"C., Trenton, N. J.: 1. While it is claimed that Southern Pacific is earning 6 per cent. the fact remains that it has a large floating debt, and until it can get this out of the way by funding it, dividends on the stock ought not and probably will not be paid. In the present condition of the money market it would be difficult to fund this debt advantageously, and I therefore see no speedy prospect of dividends. Meanwhile, if the business depression continues, it will be reflected in the earnings of Southern Pacific as well as all other railways, and there may not be a surplus applicable for dividend purposes. 2. If stockholders of Lake Shore would demand that the books be opened to reveal the prices paid for the large holdings in other railways which the Lake Shore has acquired, and to pay for which it has been compelled to add \$50,000,000 to its funded debt, light on a very interesting situation might be thrown.

"H., Hoboken, N. J.: 1. It is too early to speak with knowledge of crop probabilities. Winter wheat has been disappointing. That we know, and President Hill, of the Great Northern, after a Western trip, is not inclined to expect more than an average spring wheat crop. Winter wheat he thinks will be two-thirds of an average. We shall not know what the corn crop will be until much later on. 2. Stockholders of the Anaconda Copper Company asked pertinent questions at the recent annual meeting at Butte, Mont. One of these was the reason for the decrease in earnings from over \$5,000,000 in 1900 to \$1,500,000 last year, while the ore production increased and the cost of production decreased. The question was also asked why the selling cost of copper in the same time had increased \$2,000,000, and if this money had been spent in Montana politics. Needless to say, the questions were not answered. I commend the stockholders for asking them.

"C., New Castle, Penn.: 1. Southern Pacific sold last year as low as 39 and as high as 68, and this year has ranged from 42 to 52. While there is no special reason why it should advance, except in sympathy with the rest of the market, I would not sacrifice it at present. On the accumulation of a short interest there may be something of a rise. 2. Steel preferred dropped to 49 3-4 last year. The lowest this year has been 51 1-4. I do not think the 7 per cent. dividends can be maintained, in view of

the fact, now conceded on all sides, that the iron trade is in very bad shape, without signs of improvement. The second mortgage bonds around 70 are therefore more attractive from the investment and speculative standpoint than the preferred around 50. 3. I can find no rating. 4. B. R. T. sold last year as low as 29 1-4 and this year as low as 35. Its 4 per cent. bonds ahead of the stock sell around 76. This does not look as if dividends on the stock were shortly anticipated. It is highly speculative and in the hands of stock-market operators, who have more cash than conscience.

Continued on page 526.

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Continued from page 535.

"G. E., Schenectady: Various reasons for the decline in Steel Trust shares have been given. Some shrewdly surmise that the trust has determined on a reduction of wages, even to the point of a fight with the labor union. It is known that it has been accumulating a large amount of its manufactured products, as if preparing for an emergency.

"G., Duluth: Four dollars received. You are on my preferred list for one year. While both sides deny that the Amalgamated fight with Heinze is settled or approaching settlement, there are many evidences that obstacles in the pathway of a settlement have recently been removed, at least in part. The public is not taken into the confidence of the management.

"S. S. S., Mass.: 1. Do not recommend them. 2. Impossible to tell with money in greater demand, but the Telephone notes are entirely safe. Most of the recent short-term bonds or note issues of the railways are excellent investments. 3. Inquire of the business department. I only deal with Wall Street matters. 4. I would rather be out of this market than short or long of anything. Atchison common is selling for all it is worth. 5. I see nothing attractive in Amer. Wool common.

"G., Seneca Falls: The weakness in Erie has been charged by some to the persistent selling by Morgan interests, who thus wish to rebuke the stockholders for refusing to continue the trusteeship. Others believe that new interests are endeavoring to buy the shares as low as possible. The fact remains that the property needs all its surplus earnings for improvement, maintenance, and development. Careful management would not justify continuance of dividends on the first preferred. If these dividends at 4 per cent. were assured, the stock would not sell at present figures.

"P., St. Louis: 1. Falling off in the business of Erie would certainly jeopardize dividends on the first preferred. 2. Conservative management does not justify payment of dividends. The money is greatly needed for improvements, and should be applied in that direction. 3. So common in certain holding up well. 4. I do not like the manner in which the capital stock of the Wabash has recently been almost doubled. The authorized increase is from \$52,000,000 to \$102,000,000, and while it is stated that the new issue will not be placed on the market, there can be no other reason for its issue. The holders of the debenture B bonds have asked the Mercantile Trust Company to secure an accounting. They are tired of waiting for the payment of the 6 per cent. interest to which these bonds are entitled, and I cannot blame them.

"B. R. T., Newark, N. J.: 1. Brooklyn Rapid Transit needs a great amount of ready capital to put on the new works, and the stockholders who predict that with the expansion of Brooklyn and the growth of its business its earnings will enormously increase, but I see no prospect of dividends, because, being unable to sell its bonds at a satisfactory price, it is compelled to utilize surplus earnings for the development and improvement of the property. While I would not sacrifice my shares, I would not add to my holdings except on sharp declines. 2. The fact that the Frisco road proposes to issue 5 per cent. two-and-a-half-year notes to the holders of its forty-year 4 per cent. collateral trust notes, and that it offers five-year 4-1-2 per cent. bonds to the holders of some of its 4 per cent. securities in exchange, shows that refunding is somewhat expensive in these days.

"G. W., Topeka: At last President Mattheissen has furnished the stockholders of his Corn Products Company with a balance-sheet, two months and a half after the date when it was made out. It is not a very elaborate statement, and it demonstrates that dividends on the common should not have been paid, because they were not earned. It is high time that stockholders of this company proceeded to carry out their purpose to organize a protective committee, secure proxies, and compel recognition at the next annual meeting, if not before. The net income of the company for the year is reported to have been over \$2,500,000, while the preferred dividends only required about \$1,900,000. In spite of last year's losses it appears that over 1 per cent. was earned on the common stock. This year, with higher prices and a better business, much more should be shown if the company were carefully and aggressively handled. I would not sacrifice my shares.

"Query": 1. The postal authorities have held up the mail of The Financial Brokerage Co., of 41 Wall Street, and A. H. Millman & Co., Wall Street. The latter have been dealing or pretending to deal in "special trades," and boasting that they never made a loss for a client. Is it possible that the sort of literature fools any one, in the light of the experiences the public have had during the past two years in Wall Street? 2. The earnings of American Car for the ten months ended March 1st decreased nearly one-half in net and more than one-half in surplus. Thus far this year the earnings are said to be even worse, though no public report has been made. I look for a discontinuance of dividends on the common before the year is out. 3. The \$4,000,000 loan of the Mexican Central is understood to be an extension of a loan for that amount made last fall, and just about due. Outsiders have very little knowledge of the financial condition of this property. The stock is, therefore, obviously a gamble.

"L., Utica, N. Y.: 1. Mr. Harriman, who knows more about Southern Pacific than any other man, in his recent interview, which was inclined to be bullish, said that the end of the extensive improvement work on the Southern Pacific was in sight, but that some of the terminals are in the same shape that they have been for ten years, and these must be attended to. He added that he proposed to go slow on expenditures which might call for fresh money outside of earnings, hadn't thought of paying dividends on So. Pacific, and that when they were once declared they would be continued. This is not exactly a bit argument for the stock. 2. I do not advise the purchase of Greene Consolidated Gold Mining Company until more is known about it. Greene Consolidated Copper is not the same stock. The latter has declared a dividend of 3 per cent. The listing of it on the Boston exchange would no doubt make it more active. A profit is always a good thing to take.

"U. P., Utica, N. Y.: 1. I have no doubt that insiders in the Steel Trust have profited by the absorption of outside properties by the trust. Mr. Henry C. Frick is a director of the Steel Trust, and he was interested in the Union Sharon properties, which were absorbed at a good figure by the trust. John D. Rockefeller and H. H. Rogers were interested in the works at Breaker Island, Troy, which the trust picked up for over a million in cash and which never had a wheel in operation since the trust bought it. Why did not some of the stockholders make inquiries regarding these matters at the recent annual meeting? 2. Whether Harriman wins in his action in the Northern Securities case or not, good will be accomplished if he will show

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how this artificial company was utilized by insiders. The revelation that Northern Securities stock was sold to the public by direction of Mr. Hill to secure funds to buy Crow's Nest Pass Coal stock is decidedly interesting. How much was made on this "inside" deal? And who got the money?

"R., Newburg, N. Y.: 1. At the close of last year I predicted that railroad earnings would show a decided shrinkage this year, and, in spite of reports to the contrary, this shrinkage is making itself more and more manifest. It has resulted in a large reduction of the working force and expenses of the leading railway systems, and it means less orders for locomotives, cars, car-wheels, and so forth, than have been given out since the last period of depression, nearly ten years ago. The shrinkage in railway earnings will jeopardize dividends on more than one railroad, and this accounts for the fact that some dividend-paying railway shares are selling at what seem to be very low figures. 2. The fact that the last statement of Corn Products shows a half-million dollars of notes payable, against none last year, and cash in bank only \$495,000, as against \$3,212,000 last year, indicates that the dividends on the common paid last year should have been reserved for the uses of the company. Stockholders should demand an investigation and bring an action against the culpable directors, and, if possible, hold them responsible, under the law, for any illegal action that may have been taken.

"Experience," Toledo, O.: I doubt if Woodend & Co. ever bought the stock for you. It is the custom of what are known as "bucket-shops" to take their customers' money and not always to buy the stocks the customers order. In a number of instances the stockholders' committee of the American Ice Company, I am told, were offered proxies of stockholders whose shares were held on margin, or were supposed to be thus held, by "bucket-shops" in different cities, but these "shops" were unable to produce the shares when they were asked for. Deal only with a reputable broker of established reputation. Your experience has cost you several hundred dollars, but perhaps it is worth the money. It might have cost you several thousand. Once more I suggest that you do not accept statements made by strangers who seek your money, unless you have knowledge that the statements are true, or unless some one whom you know can vouch for them. Bear in mind that the more extravagant the statements and the more liberal the promises, and the more extraordinary the guarantees that are offered you by strangers, the greater the doubt you should have regarding their genuineness.

Continued on page 527.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address "Hermite," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

THE TIME was—and not so very long ago, either—when the life-insurance agent was classed along with the itinerant book-peddler, the lightning-rod man, and the peripatetic dealer in salves and corn curatives as a nuisance, to be tolerated when you felt like it and kicked off the premises when you didn't feel like it. But that day has gone by, for the insurance man, anyway, never to return. No more must he fawn and cringe before a prospective patron while he keeps out a sharp weather eye for the dog with a robust appetite for beggars and vagrants. The business which he represents is on a par with the highest, the best, and the most dignified and worthy that the age affords to any man, and he who assumes toward it or its representatives any other attitude writes himself down at once as one of two things—either a shallow ignoramus or an upstart cad and a fool. The moral of this little preachment is that a life-insurance agent to-day is just as good as any other man of any rank or profession, with a business deserving of the thoughtful consideration of every person who has the capacity to think.

"M., Niagara Falls: I do not recommend the company as one of the strongest or best. You could do much better.

"Subscriber," Webb City, Mo.: 1. I do not regard it as one of the strongest or best. 2. The National Life, of Vermont, has a good record and makes a good showing.

"G., Portland, Ore.: If you are insurable elsewhere it would be better to take a policy in some strong, well-established company. As to the question of law, I cannot advise you.

"Mat," New York: Anything in the insurance line that advertises much for little may be set down at the outset as absolutely unreliable. The absurdity of the proposition advertised by the company to which you refer is enough to indicate its character.

"L., Elmira, N. Y.: 1. The Mutual Life, of New York, has a record unsurpassed in all that is commendable. The bond offer is as good as you can get anywhere. 2. Any agent of the company will give you the cost of the annuity. It is absolutely safe and will provide for you as long as you live. 3. Better leave it as it is.

"L., Knoxville, Tenn.: If you are still insurable it would seem wiser to connect yourself with a company standing on a stronger and higher basis. Many complaints similar to yours have been received, but the stipulations of your old agreement are such that you seem to have no recourse except to withdraw or to submit.

"G., Toledo, O.: 1. The Mass. Mutual Life is one of the oldest of the New England companies and one of the most conservatively and carefully managed. Your policy is one of the best. You need not be afraid to take the additional insurance. 2. An endorsement policy, considering your circumstances, would probably give you the best satisfaction.

"A., Springfield, Mass.: 1. The Prudential reported an excess of income over disbursements last year of between \$12,000,000 and \$13,000,000. It now has more than a million and a half of policies outstanding. The company has had remarkable growth. The contract you speak of is generous and as good as anything you can get. 2. Twenty years ought to be long enough.

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 526.

"M." Dayton, O.: Dividend-paying stocks of
good quality are not the safest to sell short.

"P. W." Viola: Five dollars received. You are
on my preferred list for fifteen months. I ad-
vised against the purchase of Fore River shares at
every opportunity. There is nothing left for stock-
holders but to take their loss, or go in a little deeper
by participating in the reorganization. If you hold
out, of course, you become an outsider and get
nothing.

"T." Richmond, Va.: Net earnings of the Penn-
sylvania Railroad for March showed a decrease of
over \$1,300,000. The decrease for the first quarter
of the new year is over \$3,500,000. The prospects of
the continuance of 6 per cent. dividends are not
altogether favorable, unless business shows a sub-
stantial improvement. It must be borne in mind
that the obligations of the company have been
enormously increased during the past few years,
averaging about \$100,000,000 of new capital annually
for three years past, and it is semi-officially stated
that still another new issue of stock is contemplated.

"R." Raleigh, N. C.: I do not advise the pur-
chase of U. S. Rubber shares, notwithstanding the
recent rise in the preferred. With over \$10,000,000
funding notes outstanding, the conservative course
would have been to have deferred payment of di-
vidends on the preferred. The preferred is entitled
to 8 per cent. per annum, and the recent 11-2 per
cent. dividend is therefore only a drop in the bucket.
So far as the common shares are concerned, they
have less prospect of dividends than American Ice
common or any of the other industrial shares of that
character. 2. The history of no great industrial cor-
poration has been more eventful than that of the
Steel Trust. Bear in mind that it is only three years
old. I said, when it was organized on such mag-
nificent basis, that it had been capitalized in the
height of a boom, which did not justify the promise
that the property could earn dividends in slack times
on its enormous capital. I was laughed at for say-
ing this; but we have, in the short space of three
years, seen the earnings of the great trust drop
to such an extent that dividends on the common
have been cut off and those on the preferred paid in
large part from the surplus, and yet the depression
in the iron trade has not continued for more than a
year. What will happen if it lasts, as it usually
does, for two or three years? At the close of the
depression Mr. Morgan may show that he is a pub-
lic benefactor by bringing the price of Steel, com-
mon and preferred, if not of the debenture bonds,
within the reach of the humblest citizen.

NEW YORK, May 26th, 1904.

JASPER.

Vanished Millions.

Continued from page 518.

stopped abruptly. A shining something
lying on the pavement had caught his
eye. Shyly and shiftily his gaze slowly
wandered up and down the street and
ranged toward all the windows opposite
and those near. Then, with a quick
movement, he stooped sidewise, picked
up what he had seen, thrusting the closed
hand that grasped it in his pocket, and
hastened away. In a quiet and obscure
corner, with much stealthy looking on all
sides, again he drew his hand, still closed,
from his pocket. It was some time be-
fore he dared open it, lest that which it
held should disappear like a conjuror's
trick, or prove an illusion. But at
length he stretched out his fingers and
looked with hungry eyes.

There lay, in the palm of his hand, a
freshly minted twenty-dollar gold piece!

The day became clear and decided,
and men and women began to pass up
and down the street in front of the little
lunch-room. No one paid any particular
attention to the place, until one, accus-
tomed there to get his coffee and morn-
ing roll, grasped the handle of the door
and turned it, but the door refused to
open. Then, for the first time, he looked
around. The wide gray shade, shielding
the window, and the one behind the door
were drawn down. At this it seemed
as though every one passing noticed the
unusual situation. For almost a year
the place had been open, early and
late, brilliant with light in the night,
cozy and inviting in the daytime. Those
who had been accustomed to frequent
the place came and tried to peer within,
and one rattled the door, as though he
thought the inmates were there and pos-
sibly asleep, but none of them got any
information. They could just see, here
and there, the well-known furniture of
the room, glimpses of the snowy white
linen, and the glitter of the glass and
silver.

"I guess," suggested one, "that they
haven't gone far. They haven't removed
their things, anyhow."

Finally appeared the agent of the
premises. He tried the door, looked at
the window, and peered through the
slight aperture left at the side. He
didn't seem at all disturbed.

"The rent was paid in advance for a
year," he remarked calmly to a friend,
"and the time is not up for several
weeks yet. I have no business there.
Let it stay shut up. More likely than
not they will come back before the lease
expires."

And he went his way.

(To be concluded.)

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CONSUMPTION

Special Prizes for Amateur Photographers.

ATTENTION is called to three new special pictorial
contests in which the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY
are invited to engage. A prize of \$10 will be given for
the finest Fourth of July picture reaching us by
June 12th; a prize of \$10 for the most acceptable
Thanksgiving Day picture coming to hand by No-
vember 1st; and a prize of \$10 for the picture, arriv-
ing by December 4th, which reveals most satisfac-
torily the spirit of the Christmas-tide. These con-
tests are all attractive, and should bring out many
competitors.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the
United States to offer prizes for the best work of
amateur photographers. We offer a prize of \$5 for
the best amateur photograph received by us in each
weekly contest, the competition to be based on the
originality of the subject and the perfection of the
photograph. Preference will be given to unique and
original work and to that which bears a special re-
lation to news events. We invite all amateurs to
enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or
unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent
for this purpose with a request for their return. All
photographs entered in the contest and not prize-
winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise
directed, and \$1 will be paid for each photograph we
may use. No copyrighted photographs will be re-
ceived, nor such as have been published or offered
elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and
those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible.
Contestants should be patient. No writing except
the name and address of the sender should appear on
the back of the photograph, except when letter post-
age is paid, and in every instance care must be taken
to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs
must be entered by the makers. Silver paper with a
glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat-
surface paper is not suitable for reproduction. Pho-
tographs entered are not always used. They are
subject to return if they are ultimately found un-
available in making up the photographic contest.
Preference is always given to pictures of recent cur-
rent events of importance, for the news feature is one
of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners.
The contest is open to all readers of LESLIE'S
WEEKLY, whether subscribers or not.

N. B.—All communications should be specifically
addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 225 Fourth Avenue,
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THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE for June

JAPAN'S NEW GOSPEL.

HAROLD BOLCE writes from Japan his fourth article on
The Two Pacifics. The current legend of Japan as a land of
pretty daintiness, of color, incense, politeness, and geisha
girls, gets a rude jolt in this article. The world-wide
nature of Japan's ambitions, her scornful pride of superiority
to all things Western, and the extent of her actual prepared-
ness for the coming struggle with the West, will be a revela-
tion to most readers. "Asia for the Japanese in commerce
and religion" is the new gospel of Japan. The special
illustrations add value to a remarkable article.

JUNE COLOR PICTURES.

The work of Mr. Edmund C. Tarbell, one of the half-
dozen leaders in American art today, is discussed in an
article by Albert Winslow Barker. There are four pictures
in color, the most attractive in subject and best executed in
printing that have appeared in the magazine for some time.

A GROUP OF AMERICAN COLLEGE PRESIDENTS.

This series of full-page portraits of college presidents of
outstanding individuality includes President James of North-
western; President Wheeler of California; President Hyde
of Bowdoin; President Faunce of Brown; President Pritch-
ett of Massachusetts Institute of Technology; President
Thwing of Western Reserve; and President Dabney of
Tennessee.

PRESIDENT DIAZ OF MEXICO.

For twenty-five years Porfirio Diaz has ruled Mexico with
an iron hand, but also with wisdom and energy. He is now
about to lay down the reins of power. Frank H. Taylor
writes a fully illustrated account of the romantic career of
this ambitious ruler. Mr. Taylor also discusses the prob-
able effect of Diaz's retirement on the future of Mexico.

There are half a dozen other articles of present-day in-
terest, each fully illustrated. Also the usual good novelette
and the World of Print.

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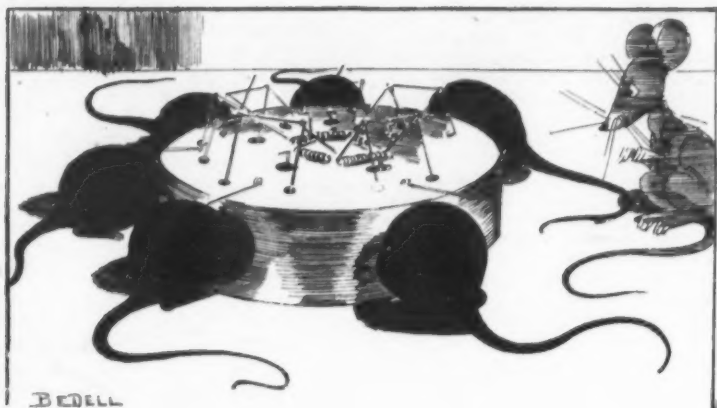
"The Venetian Blind,"
one of the color pictures



President James
of Northwestern University



President Diaz



BELL

THE IGNORANT ARE TOO APT TO ENVY.

MOUSE—"My, what hogs! There they have been eating for an hour and not one will come out and give me a chance."

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

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